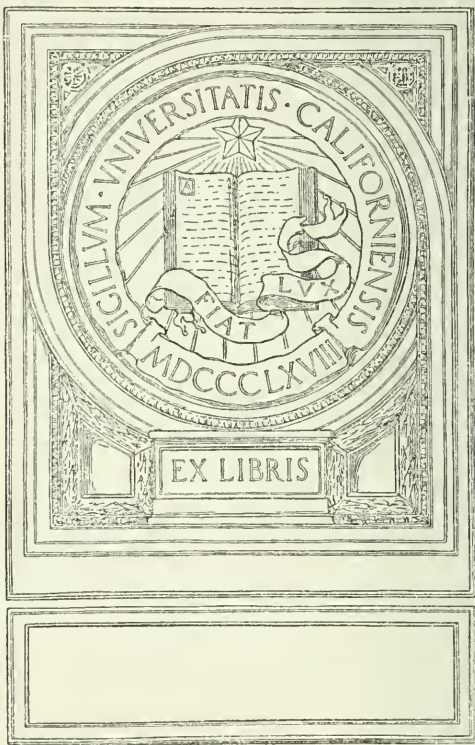




UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





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NEW
CALIFORNIA POEMS
AND SELECTIONS

CHRIS HAAG

4155

5



California Poems and Selections



CHRIS HAAG

ARROYO DEL TO VIEJO
CALIFORNIA SOUTH
1900

California

PN
4201
H11c

California, land of sunshine,
Land of flowers, fruit and gold,
Of resources and of beauty,
Scarce the half has yet been told.
Where we shelter from the blizzards,
From the snowy sleet and ice,
Where the breezes are so balmy
And the climate is so nice.

Oh, it fills our hearts with rapture
And we thrill to o'erflow
In the praises of her beauty,
Where the sweetest flowers grow.
In the winter and the summer,
Spring or fall, from day to day,
They diffuse their sweetest fragrance
As tho' in the month of May.

Here the summer breezes fan you
As your days are passing by,
And these zephyrs from the ocean
Are refreshing—never die.
Here are sights that are the grandest,
As you gaze from mountain tops
And behold the fertile valleys
Producing such abundant crops.

With her mountain streams and rivers
And her overflowing wells,
With her soil so rich and fertile,
She to us her story tells.
She is rich in oil and mineral,
Her soil brings constant gain;
There is thrift in California
From her blessed winter rain.

Here is nectar in the orange,
And the grape that's on the vine,
In the berry, in the cherry,
Melons, poppy fields entwine.
People fish here at the beaches
And they wallow on the sand;
They go bathing in the sunshine
At this grand Pacific strand.

11-1-44

SC

Lib.

Terry-6-29-42-

Why not live in California,
Land of corn and land of wine,
Where the people live in comfort
And the citrus valleys shine?
We her grandeur are confessing
With contentment as a whole,
Constantly the truth caressing,
Publish this from pole to pole.
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Our Orange Belt

When the frost on mountain twitters
And the peaks are clad with snow,
Then the golden orange ripens
In the valleys down below.

'Tis a scene you'll long remember,
Viewing valleys from the sky;
Be it July or December,
You can scale the mountains high.

When at length you've reached the summit
Of the mountain chain's divide,
You can see the citrus landscape,
Looking down the other side.

Here the frost-king cannot enter
Where the breeze is ever felt,
But is a protection, shelter,
Making it a frostless belt.

Here the oranges will ripen
In between the snow-clad hills,
Turning yellow in November—
It's a scenery that thrills.

There are streamlets in the mountains,
By which we irrigate the land,
Or else flowing wells or fountains
Bring the bloom to desert sand.
—Chris Haag.

Los Angeles

Away out by the western sea
A charming City lies.
She's in the garden of the west,
An earthly Paradise;
This City is the poet's dream—
He never missed his guess,
When he selected for his theme:
Dear old Los Angeles.

She boasts of many beautiful things—
A mild enchanting clime;
Her attraction is the magnet
That brings folks all the time.
They throng in from the Orient;
All nations I confess
Are seeking homes and are content
In dear Los Angeles.

From mountain to the Ocean
She has a broad expanse.
Here values don't depreciate
But constantly enhance.
And should you seek contentment,
Prosperity none the less,
Come out to California,
To dear Los Angeles.

She is the ideal City
Where tourists always go;
Where people bright and witty
In winter dodge the snow.
You meet here folks of station,
Of excellent address
Who choose as their location
Dear old Los Angeles.

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San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, seaport city
And the foremost on the Coast,
Now is second; what a pity

Frisco didn't grow the most.
Rather busy every day;
Any ship can sail the bay.
No delay in getting freight
Coming through the Golden Gate.
In her "wet votes" she has laid
Southern counties in the shade.
Can she always keep it wet?
Of course no one knows that yet.

San Diego

Southmost city, sunny clime,
Access to it any time.
Nothing nicer than the bay;

Down there many people stay.
Ideal place to get the breeze
Every day, while at your ease.
Go there now, the sights are grand
On this noted sunset strand.

Freedom

"All men are born equal and free."
This is Jehovah's firm decree.
This truth, this axiom, old as earth,
Can trace to Heaven its ancient birth.
When God, from chaos, formed the sun
And all the worlds that round Him run,
To crown with love His glorious "plan,"
He gave this equal law to man.

And till the sun shall cease to burn
And planets from their orbits turn,
This glorious truth, this law of Heaven,
Shall never from the earth be driven.
This truth shall stand a beacon light
To guide us in the course of right,
And when we stray from safety's track
To bring our wayward footsteps back.

When superstition, like a flood,
Shall drench this world with human blood,
And ignorance shall spread her vail
Of darkness over hill and dale,
This TRUTH, this never dying spark,
Shall kindle in the thickening dark
A flame of LIBERTY so bright
That all shall see and claim its light.

Then, burning with Celestial flame,
'Twill light the path to honor, fame,
And teach the soul of man to rise
And claim its kindred with the skies.
Bind on your chains, ye desperate clan,
And crush to earth your fellow man;
Revel in blood and human gore,
Your demon sway will soon be o'er.

You soon shall hear from shore to shore
The clash of steel, the cannon's roar
That strews the mountain, hill and vale
With leaden rain and iron hail.
When shrouded in the sulphur smoke
You hear the shout and feel the stroke;
When quivering in your heart you feel
The bullet of the freedman's steel,
You then shall learn to feel and know
That all are equal here below.

This truth, the first, shall be the last
When Gabriel blows his trumpet blast,
When oceans boil and thunders roll
That shake the earth from pole to pole,
And valleys into mountains rise,
And earth is mingled with the skies,
And Heaven and earth shall writhe with pain,
And Chaos claim his ancient reign;
When shrieks of fear and wild despair
And frenzied horror fill the air.

Then, as the tyrant and the slave
Are buried in one common grave,
Earth's proudest son shall feel and know
That all are equal here below.

—Selected.

Baby

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
What makes the light of them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.
How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I'm here.

—Selected.

All Things Shall Pass Away

Once in Persia ruled a King
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a motto true and wise
Which, when held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for any change or chance.
Solemn words, and these were they—
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand.
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to rival these.
Yet he counted little gain—
Treasures of the mines or main.
"Wealth may come but not to stay—
Even this shall pass away."

'Mid the revels of his court
In the zenith of his sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He amid his figs and wine
Cried: "Oh, precious friends of mine
Pleasures come but not to stay—
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting in a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his wounded side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
But with patience day by day,
"Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubics in the air.
Rose his statue grand in stone;
And the king, disguised, unknown,
Gazing on his sculptured name,
Asked himself, and what is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay.
"Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy sere and old,
 Standing at the gates of gold,
 Spoke he thus in dying breath,
 Life is done and what is death?
 Then answer to the King,
 Answering with its heavenly ray,
 "Even death shall pass away."
 —Book of Knowledge.

Letters and Figures

Dainty maid of R-K-D
 Is F E in her bower;
 Smart as U-C-A honey-B
 And sweet as N E flower.

Does she S A herself 2 please,
 X Q S the little miss,
 She sings an L E G 2 TT,
 Or blows an M T kiss.

"B mine," I say, "U bonny J,
 B4 U R mine L (my knell);
 When U R gay my hopes D K,
 In T-sing U X L."

Without ado she takes the Q,
 Her II B 9 and B D,
 "O, sir, I do not N V U,
 I C U R so need E."

"O F E, U I C R true
 Y need I C Q less?
 I'll never D V 8 from U,
 But end my cares with S (caress)."
 —Selected.

The Home I Left

Near a little rustic village,
In a middle western state,
Where I spent my youthful days—
The country life was great—
I recall the fleeting years
Of my childhood's happy days.
How the little old log cabin
Was a charm in many ways.

I remember well the schoolhouse,
'Twas but half a mile away.
With my brother and with sisters
I together used to play.
Ah! those days are gone forever.
They recall a certain charm.
When we all were there together
On the little country farm.

How well I do remember
The meadow and the corn.
The orchard sowed to clover,
How it glistened in the morn!
And the path I used to tread,
Down the hillside to the spring,
Was enchanted by a twitter,
Where the hoot owls used to sing.

In that thickly wooded country,
Oh, how vivid is the scene!
Where the brooklet calmly murmured,
Growing grasses in between.
On the bank we'd be a-sitting,
Catching fishes from the brook,
While the crawfish would be nabbing
Lots of bait from off our hook.

But it is no pleasant feeling
When the prickly heat you catch,
As you're strolling through the stubble
To the watermelon patch;
And you're looking for a melon—
Of the kind you know are striped,
But some fellow beat you to it,
And the best ones have been swiped.

I long left that rustic country
With its sweltering summer heat,
Where I chopped the ice in winter
And where frost would bite my feet,
I am now at the Pacific
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where they gather fruits in winter
And where Christmas roses grow.
—Chris Haag.

Spelling "Reform"

The threat to take our language
And tear it all to bits,
Makes such as use and love it
Incline toward throwing fits.
Who wants to spell by sound alone,
Does this because his head is bone.

Let's take some samples—sounds alike,
With different ways to spell—
Take "rain" and "rein" and "reign," we'll say;
There's plenty more as well.
Now, don't they make your collar hot,
Who'd give one spelling to the lot?

There's "vain" and "vane" and "vein," or else
See "do" and "dew" and "due";
No better and no worse a case
Than "to" and "too" and "two."
In printed form do words show soul;
In type, their genesis unroll.

Sheer laziness accounts for all
This bogus, bad "reform."
Though pedagogic hosts may sin,
And cranks a buzzing swarm,
We'll keep on spellin as we should,
Distinguishing 'twixt "wood" and "would."
—Selected.

WORK

A Song of Triumph

Work.

Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work.

Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work.

Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it,
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over grim disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work.

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it.
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it,
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaking the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work.

—Selected.

Art

Singing is sweet; but be sure of this:
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss.
Did he ever suspire a tender lay
While her presence took his breath away?
Had his fingers been able to toy with her hair,
Would they then have written his verses fair?

Had she let his arm steal round her waist,
Would the lovely portrait yet be traced?
Since he could not embrace it, flushed and warm,
He has carved in stone the perfect form.

Who gives the fine report of the feast?
He who got none and enjoyed it least.
Were the wine really slipping down his throat,
Would his song of the wine advance a note?

Will you puff out the music that sways the whirl
Or dance and make love with a pretty girl?
Who shall the great battle story write?—
Not the hero down in the thick of the fight.

Statues and pictures and verse may be grand,
But—they are not the life for which they stand.

—Selected.

The Punch Bowl

On the way to Honolulu,
As the vessel nears the land,
Every skipper's on the look-out,
With his glasses in his hand—
And he searches o'er the city,
As the steamer nears its goal,
For the loved and longed-for vision
Of the old punch bowl.

'Tis the boast of Honolulu,
As you stroll about the place,
That their punch bowl is the biggest
In all the human race;
That it holds a million gallons—
And then a million more,
Filled full up for the navy
And the army on the shore.

All the tribes of Honolulu,
Gathered from the seven seas,
Have their optics on the punch bowl
(And its contents, if you please),
And they say it's very ancient,
And in fact it is so old
That no native of the island
Its age has ever told.

The tourists all are looking
For the craters dark and deep,
As they scamper o'er the islands
Like a flock of silly sheep.
And eagerly they're asking,
In their innocence of soul,
If there's really any "crayther"
In the old punch bowl.

And now I tell ye, hearties,
Why the world is on its way
To find the old brown punch bowl
On Honolulu bay—
They long to taste its contents—
Good for body and for soul—
The world's most pleasing nectar,
In the old punch bowl.

Oh, the big punch bowl!
Oh, the brown punch bowl!
The wine of "glorious climate,"
With its ease of heart and soul,
And the spirit of contentment,
Fill the old punch bowl.

—Selected.

Day by Day

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,
Make my life a bit completer,
By doing what I should do
Every minute of the day;
Let me toil without complaining,
Not a humble task disdaining;
Let me face the summons calmly
When Death beckons me away.

—Selected.

Santa Anita

In this vast and glorious Southland,
Where the skies are ever blue,
And the sights from east and westward
Lend enchantment to the view,
There are many hills and valleys,
Canyons deep and lofty peak,
All the varied gifts of Nature
That a longing heart might seek.

Wilson, Lowe and old Mount Baldy,
Towering up in grandeur bold;
Anita, Mint and Bouquet Canyons,
Full of beauty yet untold.
Towns and hamlets in the foothills,
Sierra Madre—Monrovia, too,
Nestling there in quiet beauty,
Restful peace that's ever new.

To the north of these two cities,
Up beyond the grand old hills,
Where the sunlight streams in beauty,
Kissing trees and flowers and rills,
There's a great majestic mountain,
Wrapped in splendor, magic pride,
With the breezes from the ocean
Waving trees upon its side.

Up the mountain winds a trail,
With a picture on each side
Of the beauties of the forest,
Rich in color glorified.
Nature's work has been so perfect,
Nothing left undone to please;
Here and there the splendid grandeur
Of the flowers, grass and trees.

Every tree stands tall and stately,
Like a sentinel keeping watch,
As if to guard the onward progress
Of an army on the march.
Every flower springs forth in glory,
Spreading fragrance on the ear,
Teaching truths of use and beauty,
Making all the world so fair.

And the grass, so soft and silky,
Makes a carpet of rich hue,
Adds a blessing to the wildwood,
Teaching lessons old and new.
Happy birds fly up and downward,
With their songs of hope and cheer,
Giving to the world a lesson
Of the thigs we hold so dear.

Up and out the trail goes onward,
Till the canyon comes in view,
And then down into its wildness,
Where is silence vast and true;
Not a sound of bird or cricket,
Still as death is Nature's breast,
Every bush and tree is quiet,
Nature lies in peaceful rest.

Farther up into the canyon
Comes the music of a brook,
As it flows upon its mission,
Over crag, from many a nook;
Moss and ferns bathe in its waters,
Thankful in their quiet way
For the blessings of the pure drink
It affords from day to day.

Far away the world is teeming
With the noise of hurrying throngs;
No time to think of Nature's beauties,
Nor to right the many wrongs;
But alone in this great canyon,
Free from earth's vindictive call,
One's thoughts go in admiration
To the Maker of it all.

—Selected.

The Farmer

Till the soil is what he must;
Get his living out of dust.
Happy homes are on a farm;
Rural life is such a charm,
Growing crops gives cheerful mind,—
Beats all city jobs combined.

Country folks have choicest fruit,
Out there where there is no soot
They are happy every day,
Feel big as a bale of hay,
Eggs and butter they enjoy;
A country gift, remember, boy.

O, the sweet alfalfa hay
Is the stuff that brings the pay;
Makes the cows give lots of milk,
Buys their dry goods, wool or silk.
They are growers, not consumers,
Like these empty city boomers.

They make hay while sun is shining,
While the city folks are pining.
They grow melons, fruit and corn;
Lovely crops their fields adorn.
Country life is such a treat,
Where they grow good things to eat.

Their cream and butter's best,
Their ranch eggs stand the test,
Vegetables are very fine—
We enjoy them when we dine.
'They don't like the city junk,
When they dine they don't feel punk.

Asleep they are while products grow.
Needn't work when whistles blow.
And they've very little care,
Always have something to spare.
Blessed are they, man and wife,
Who enjoy the country life.

—Chris Haag.

Slamming the Grafter

What good is a city grafter,
Even though he's on a farm.
He is useless as a worker,
Only does the country harm.
He can talk and he can chatter,
But he cannot use a plow,
And the cattle sure will scatter,
When they see the cheap high-brow.

In the city he is safer
For his scheming gets him by,
And he likes his sugar wafer—
He is used to living high.
It would work on him a hardship
To be toiling in the sun.
Country folks all know his lordship,
And at him are poking fun.

Country life will give you muscle,
Give you brain and give you brawn,
When you know you've got to hustle,
You will rise at early dawn.
Ah, the country has its beauty
Which no city can portray,
Let all of us do our duty,
Grow large crops and make it pay.
—Cris Haag.

Go to California

*When the summer days are past
And the winter's coming fast,
To escape the icy blast,
Go to California.*

*When you're weary of the cold,
And you know you're growing old,
And your wife begins to scold,
Go to California.*

*When your crops all freeze and fail,
And you're full of woe and wail,
You should always hit the rail
For California.*

*Here are faces ever new,
Both of Gentile and of Jew,
Who bought tickets coming through
To California.*

*It's the land of corn and wine,
Where the fruit is superfine—
You'll be longing for to dine
In California.*

*Here the balmy breezes blow,
You forget the sleet and snow,
And the Christmas roses grow
In California.*

*Here the surging waters break
From the ocean in its wake—
If you want to make a stake,
Try California.*

*It's the best of every clime,
Summer's sun or winter time;
Get your friends to read this rhyme
Of California.*

*It is this we wish to say,
Once you're here, you'll want to stay,
And you'll never stray away
From California.*

—Chris Haag.

Little Things

Little drops of water
Little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes
Humble thought they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness
Little words of love
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands,
Far in heathen lands.
Grow to bless the nations

—Selected.

The Message of the Olive Tree

By Charles D. Merrill

Oh, brave and strong is the olive tree,
Hard in fiber and close of grain,
And round the medit'ranean sea
On the wind-swept slopes that skirt its main,
Stand the ancient groves, still bearing fruit,
Sturdy of branch and deep of root,
Unseared by heat, unscatched by cold,
Defying time, outlasting man,
Still young when other trees are old,
A thousand years within their span.

Yea, there are those who boldly say
That the seven trees, so gnarled and vast,
Which grace Gethsemane today
(And the Christian era thus outlast)
Were planted 'fore the Saviour's birth,
The only living forms on earth
That witness of his agony.
The midnight prayer, the mighty word,
He said to Peter and to me,
"If thou art mine, put up thy sword."

Speak out, or, living witnesses,
Ye keepers of that word of power,
For Jesus' voice in words like these
This poor world needeth at this hour.
Cry far and wild, cry strong and clear,
That midnight message ye did hear
By Kedron in the garden's gloom,
While sheltering there our prostrate Lord.
Those words of glory, or of doom,
"Put up thy sword, put up thy sword."

Oh, olive tree, not fruit nor oil,
Thy burden in these awful days,
But now to sons of pain and toil
Bring thou the balm of him who prays,
Who 'neath thy boughs poured forth like rain
His sweat of blood, and soon again
Upon thy wood poured out his life,
That in his world bloodshed might cease,
And over all the realms of strife
Extend the olive branch of peace.

From scions of those ancient trees
Came all our western olive host;
With naught but honored histories
To grace and bless our latest coast.
A symbol sweet, oh, olive tree,
May thy good presence ever be,
And with the progress of the sons
As upward man his way achieves,
Crown and enlarge him as he runs,
changing the thorns to olive leaves.

Take Me Out to Californy

'Way out wes' in California,
Dat's de place I longs to go
Wha de sun kisses de orange,
An' de lan' ain't got no snow.

Wha de smilin' sun keeps kissen
All de melons in de patch,
An' I watch 'em as da' ripen,
I done let de chicken scratch.

Take me out to Californy,
Dat's de gladdes' place fer me,
Whar da eat de bread wid honey,
By dat western sunny sea.

I do lub de wes' de bestes
Wha' de yella jassmine clime
An' de fiels wid golden poppy,
Bloomin' yaller all de time.

Let me sleep dare on de beaches,
It am betta'r an' de souf,
Cullid folks grow fat as leeches,
Melons drippin from de mouf.

—Chris Haag.

Wild Animals I Have Met

THE LION

I've met this beast in drawing rooms,
'Mong ladies gay with silks and plumes.
He looks quite bored, and silly, too,
When he's held up to public view.
I think I like him better when
Alone I brave him in his den.

THE BEAR

I never seek the surly Bear,
But if I meet him in his lair,
I say "Good day, sir; sir, good day,"
And then make haste to get away.
It is no pleasure, I declare,
To meet the cross, ill-natured Bear.

THE GOOSE

I know it would be of no use
To say I'd never met a Goose.
There are so many all around,
With idle look and clacking sound.
And ofttimes it will come to pass
You see them 'fore the looking glass.

THE CAT

The Cat's a nasty little beast;
She's seen at many a fete and feast.
She's spiteful, sly and double-faced,
Exceeding prim, exceeding chaste.
And while a soft, sleek smile she wears,
Her neighbors' reputation tears.

THE PUPPY

Of all the animals I've met,
The Puppy is the worst one yet.
Clumsy and crude, he hasn't brains
Enough to come in when it rains.
But with insufferable conceit
He thinks that he is just too sweet.

THE DUCK

This merry one with laughing eyes,
Not too sedate nor otherwise,
Is best of comrades; frank and free,
A clever hand at making tea;
A fearless nature, full of pluck,
I like her well—she is the Duck.
—*Selected.*

The Citizen

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I'm getting more eatless each day;
My home is now heatless,
My beds are now sheetless,
They're gone to the Y. M. C. A.

The bars are all treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
Each day we get poorer and wiser;
Our socks are all feetless,
Our trousers all seatless,
My God, how we all hate the kaiser!!!

Smile

O, cut out your croaking, it gives me a
 pain
To hear you sad suckers who always com-
 plain.
No matter what happens you worry and
 fret,
And trouble and sorrow you never for-
 get.
Your woe-begone look and not-a-friend
 air
Would drive any saint to the verge of
 despair.
To see your long face makes a fellow
 feel blue,
For an air of deep gloom always hangs
 about you.
So, cheer up, old-timer, and lift up your
 head,
The sun is still shining and God is not
 dead.
No matter how heavy the load that you
 bear,
The birds are still singing, the sky is still
 fair.
In sorrow remember, no man is alone,
The bravest men smile when the heart is
 a stone;
For what is the use to sniffle and cry,
You might as well smile as to heave a
 sad sigh;
You'll find this world a jolly old place
If you turn on a smile to light up your
 face;

But you'll find it blamed hard, I have to
confess,
If you carry around a look of distress;
For a face long enough to eat from a
churn
Has never yet done a man a good turn.
—Selected.

The Plant of Jonah

Why should I live, when every day
The wicked prospers in his way
And daily adds unto his hoard,
While cutworms smite the good man's gourd?

When I would rest beneath its shade,
Comes the shrill-voiced book-selling maid
And smites me with her tireless breath.
Then am I angry unto death.

When I would slumber in my booth,
Who comes with accents loud and smooth
And talks from dawn to midnight late?
The honest labor candidate.

Who pounds my ear with noisy talk,
Whose brazen gall no ire can balk,
And wearies me of life's short span?
The accident insurance man.

And when all other torments flown,
I think to call one hour mine own,
Who takes my leisure by the throat?
The villian talking up a vote.

—Selected.

Go Out, My Heart

Go out my heart, and seek delight,
In this dear summer time so bright
In God's abundance daily;
The beauty of these gardens see,
And look how they for me and thee
Have decked themselves so gaily.

The trees with spreading leaves are blessed,
The Earth her dusty rind has dressed
In green so young and tender.
Narcissus and the tulip fair
Are clothed in raiment far more rare
Than Solomon in splendor.

The larks soar high and higher rise,
And from her cave the pigeon flies,
Into the forest winging.
The most accomplished nightingale
Fills mountains, meadow, hill and dale
With sweetness of her singing.

The hens with all their chickens stride,
The stork has built her nest with pride,
Her young the swallows feeding.
The nimble heart, the deer so light
Rejoice, and leaping from their height,
Into the grass come speeding.

Fast grows the wheat, like waving gold,
And gives delight to young and old;
They praise with glad thanksgiving
Him, who through mercy measureless
Vouchsafed the soul of man to bless
With goods that grace his living.

I, too, cannot and will not rest,
My senses all awake with zest,
The Lord's great goodness knowing;
I sing when all sings round about,
And praises of the Lord, devout
Out of my heart are flowing.

Thy splendor here doth shine so bright,
And let us feel so much delight
While on poor earth abiding;
What blessings may hereafter be,
For those that heaven's glory see,
In golden halls residing?

Ah, what a lucid light divine
In Christ's fair garden then will shine!
What music will be ringing.
With many thousand Seraphim
Their Alleluiahs singing.

Would I were there! Oh, if I stood
Before Thy throne—Thou, highest good!—
My palms most humbly raising
Then, like the angels worshiping,
A thousand noble psalms I'd sing,
Thy name forever praising.

Yet I will never silent stay
While here upon my earthly way
This yoke of flesh I'm bearing;
My heart shall sing unceasingly
Here and wherever I may be,
Thy praises never sparing.

Help thou my spirit, let it grow
With blessings that from heaven flow
To bloom for Thine adoring.
And may Thy mercy's summer heat
Raise fruits of faith, all ripe and sweet
Till eve from early morning.

Oh, choose me for Thy Paradise,
Let soul and body, til I rise,
Still flourish, tiring never.
By Thee alone I shall abide
Thine honor serve, and none beside,
Both here and there forever.

—Selected.

The San Joaquin

'Neath the brown peaks of the Coast Range
And Sierra's snowy sheen,
Once again my feet have wandered
To the glowing San Joaquin.
Overhead the blue of heaven
Smiles on vine and olive green,
On the blossomed pink of orchard,
Fairer than a poet's dream;

Smiles on low of grazing cattle,
Mingled with the hum of bees,
And on golden fruit that glimmers
Through the dark green of its leaves;
Smiles on town and bustling city,
Granite walls and gleaming light,
On the red glow of the sunset
Sinking softly to the night.

And a thousand thoughts steal o'er me
As I breathe the magic spell,
And I'm back again bare-legged
On the plains I loved so well;
Back to days when all God's garden
Raised its head in Springtime bloom,
When blue-bell and golden poppy
Crushed the dark of winter's gloom;

Back to days when all was silence,
Save the rattler's deadly hiss,
And the rustle o'er the prairie
Of the south wind's burning kiss;
Back to days when waters rushing
From a hundred mountain streams
Filled the plains with desolation,
Stilled the wild bird's lifting theme.

Gone the sweet scent of the blue-bells,
Gone the golden-poppied lands,
Gone the freedom of the prairie,—
But God knows and understands.
Well He guided man to conquer,
And from waste and barren lands
Forth has sprung the richest harvest
Ever gleaned by human hands.

'Neath the brown peaks of the Coast Range
And Sierra's snowy crest,
Like a scintillating jewel
Sets the pride of all the West.
Though my heart is filled with longing
For the plains of yester e'en,
Justice calls in glowing tribute
To the fruitful San Joaquin.

—Selected.

Truth's Avenue

Oh, city! mad with lust and din,
Where sad and joyful millions dwell,
Bound by the glitter and the sin,
Held fast by some peculiar spell
Of light or darkness born in hell—
Where seekers after truth are few,
Who to the world their wisdom tell,
And help to pave truth's avenue.

Where human spiders wait and spin
Their web of lies to buy and sell
Their brothers, sisters caught therein,
Though helpless their poor souls rebel
And cry in loud, lamenting knell
That speaks in pleading tones to you
These wrongs and evils to expel
And help to pave truth's avenue.

City of promise, oh, begin
Your mirky foulness to dispell
That rectitude, now worn and thin,
May rise a mighty sentinel
With flaming sword these wrongs to quell,
Then shall no bane or curse pursue
When man and woman, beggar, swell
Shall help to pave truth's avenue.

ENVOY

See Justice for her citadel
Sends out her searchlight strong and true,
That all may see this miracle
And help to pave truth's avenue.

—Selected.

A Christmas Carol

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire
While the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the Earth.
Ay! The star rains its fire
And the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a King.

In the sight of that star
Lie the ages impearled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame
And the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations
That Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light
And we echo the song,
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely
Evangel they bring,
And we greet in the cradle
Our Savior and King.

—*Selected.*

The New Version

A soldier of the Russians
Lay japanned at Tschrtzvjak.
There was lack of woman's nursing
And other comforts which
Might add to his last moments
And smooth the final way.
But a comrade stood beside him
To hear what he might say.
The japanned Russian faltered
As he took the comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see
My own, my native land.
Take a message and a token
To some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Smnlxzrskgqrxzski,
Fair Smnlxzrskgqrxzski, on the Irkztrvz-
kimnov."

—Selected.

Can 'Em

Troubles are everywhere,
Rising and striking.
Troubles pursue us here—
None to our liking;
Sorrows are in and out,
Day time and night time.
For they care naught about
Picking the right time.
Dont' let them harry you—
That's the prescription—
Else they will carry you
To fits conniption;
Just scorn them and flout them,
Send them all chasing,
And you'll be without them,
Life's joys embracing.

What We Can Do

There is much that we can do,
Help to see each other thru,
Move the shades that make the gloom,
Help to make the flowers bloom,
Give fresh courage to a heart,
Always try to do our part.

Befriend the poor where we may go,
Help them overcome their woe,
Let our charity reach wide,
Help them see a brighter side,
Let in sunlight, cherish hope,
Dig up cash, this is the dope.

There is wealth enough for all,
Why be money-mad or small,
Ignore the destitute and poor
To your country be a boor,
That is not the way to live,
Learn to labor, love and give.

Hold no grudge, don't be a grouch;
Do your part, don't be a slouch,
But get busy, do your best;
Doing good gives pleasure, zest,
This and more you sure can do—
Now my friend, it's up to you.

—Chris Haag.

The Tourist

Who is it comes from every land,
Who every winter is on hand,
And thinks this state is very grand?
The Tourist.

Who comes from out the Middle West,
Who thinks this coast is much the best,
And with us does his cash invest?
The Tourist.

Who comes from every Eastern State,
Who tells us that this coast is great,
And puts his cash in real estate?
The Tourist.

Who comes out West in any case,
Who comes to get a climate brace,
And thinks this is the only place?
The Tourist.

Who comes especially to Los A.,
Buys here a home and wants to stay,
And whom you couldn't drive away?
The Tourist.

Who comes from very far and near,
With great delight and has no fear,
Then writes his friends to settle here?
The Tourist.

—Chris Haag.

Who Am I?

My saving power is greater than all mechanical forces.

I have the power to overcome carelessness, recklessness and indifference.

I am the greatest enemy of sorrow and suffering.

I am ever-present. It takes no physical effort to find me.

It is not necessary even to call me, for I come on the wings of thought.

I am at the service of old or young, weak or strong.

I protect the happiness of homes and save years of suffering.

I prevent the unnecessary making of widows and orphans.

I save thousands of wageearners to lives of usefulness.

I save the lives and limbs of husbands, fathers, sons and daughters in the industry; of the little children, of the parents, of the young and strong, of the aged and feeble in the homes, on the streets and in the public places.

I bring comfort and cheer.

I give my all and ask nothing in return.

I am your best friend.

I AM CAUTION.

—Selected.

California in March

After 'bout a day o' rain
Things are lookin' green again,
All the grass is growin' nice,
You can cut it once or twice
Or else turn the cattle in,
Let 'em pasture on the green.

E'en the hills are nice an' green,
Puttin' on a verdant sheen,
Soon they're showen' bud an' flower,
Maken' many a lovely bower.
Rain is what the country needs
Fer to germinate the seeds.

Petals soon are breakin' thru,
Taken' on a lovely hue,
Trees are breakin' into flower,
Welcomin' the April shower;
Figs are busten' from the wood,
Everything's a lookin' good.

Garden truck an' fiels o' corn,
Many acres soon adorn
Sugar cane an' sugar beets,
Is the stuff that makes the sweets
Oranges lookin' very fine,
Makin' Californy shine.

—Chris Haag.

Legacy of the Roses

Oh! plant them above me the soft and bright,
The touched with the sunset's crimson light,
The warm with the earliest breath of spring
The sweet with the sweep of the west wind's
wing;

Let the green bough and the red leaf wave—
Plant the glad red rose-tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willows weep
O'er the quiet rest of the dreamless sleep?
Weep for life with it's toil and care,
It's crime to shun and it's sorrows to bear;
Let tears and signs of tears be shed—
Over the living, and not over the dead.

Plant not the cypress nor yet the yew,
Too heavy their shadows, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping in faith and love
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose,
Let my memory be like the odors shed,
My hope like the promise of early red;
Let strangers share in their breath and bloom—
Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb.

—Selected

Cheering Someone On

Don't you mind about the triumphs,
Don't you worry after fame;
Don't you grieve about succeeding,
Let the future guard your name.
All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when wealth is gone;
Just be glad that you are living,
And keep cheering someone on.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms,
Let your comrades wear the crown,
Never mind the little setbacks
Nor the blows that knock you down.
You'll be there when they're forgotten,
You'll be glad with youth and dawn,
If you just forget your troubles
And keep cheering someone on.

There's a lot of sorrow round you,
Lots of lonesomeness and tears;
Lots of heartaches and of worry
Through the shadows of the years.
And the world needs more than triumphs;
More than all the swords we've drawn,
It is hungering for the fellow
Who keeps cheering others on.

Let the wind around you whistle,
And the storms around you play;
You'll be here with brawn and gristle
When the conquerors decay.
You'll be here in memories sweetened
In the souls you've saved from pawn,
If you put aside the victories
And keep cheering someone on.

—Selected.

Wishing

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do,
Set a watch upon your actions
Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clear and high,
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart;
Do not waste one page on folly
Live to learn and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember day by day,
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many,
May be oftimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—Selected.

The Ocean Breaks

The ocean breaks upon the shore,
With voice that utters evermore:

"I am the mightiest thing that is,
The mystery of mysteries—
I whisper now, and now I roar.
In the dim ages gone, before
Men toiled at rudder, sail and oar,
My billows sang: 'With ecstasies
The ocean breaks!'"

"Upon my un conjectured floor

Lost treasures lie. Now as of yore—

Though in my rage I snarl and hiss—

The free gulls come to me and kiss

My billows, screaming as they soar:

'The ocean breaks!'"

When Ma Is Sick

When Ma is sick she pegs away;
She's quiet, though, not much t' say.
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs, er even sings.
She says she don't feel extra well,
But then it's just a kind o' spell.
She'll be all right tomorrow, sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure.
An' Pa, he sniffs an' makes no kicks,
For women folks is always sick.
An' Ma she smiles, let's on she's glad.
When Ma is sick, it ain't so bad.

When Pa Is Sick

When Pa is sick he's scared to death,
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath.
He crawls in bed, an' puffs and grunts,
And does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants Doc Brown, and mighty quick;
For when Pa's ill he's awful sick.
He gasps and groans an' sort o' sighs;
He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes;
Ma jumps an' runs, an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss,
An' peace and joy is mighty skeerce.
When Pa is sick it's something fierce.
—Exchange.

Rapid Growers

There was a little trouble,
No bigger than a pin;
It seemed an airy bubble,
So weak it was and thin;
And yet, through constant tending
And feeding it with strife,
It grew past comprehending
Until it spoiled a life.

There was a little sorrow,
Like those men know each day,
Which should pass with the morrow
And vanish quite away.
And yet by always brooding
Its owner fixed things so
This sorrow kept intruding
And laid ambition low.

The moral I've been striving
To point with so much toil,
That woes aren't found thriving
Except in fertile soil.
For happiness or sadness
You have yourself to thank,
And nursing care brings madness—
On that you're safe to bank.

—Selected.

Friends and Flatterers

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery;
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if stock of cash be scant
No man shall supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
Pity but he were a king,
But if fortune once do frown
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more;
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need.
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep.
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know,
Faithful friends from flattering woe.
—Selected.

Speechification

I heard de speechifyin' man
Come out an' lif' his voice,
He sure is built upon a plan
Dat makes my heart rejoice.
An' dis is 'bout de only song
He sings, both day an' night:
"De other feller's always wrong
An' I is always right."

—Selected.

Southern California

O occidental sunset land,
Land by the western sea;
Where climate is unique and grand—
This is the land for me.
For many years I have here dwelt,
And care to roam no more
From California's citrus belt,
And her alluring shore.

Her summer skies are always blue,
With tinge of azure gray;
Her tranquil shore is dear to you
In nature's bright array.
Here icy blasts are all unknown;
In winter things are green,
And plants of every kind are grown
That anywhere are seen.

Her famous mountains tower high,
Her valleys are renowned;
Her gentle zephyrs never die,
Her summits are snow-crowned.
Here are many shady bowers,
Nestling at her ocean's side.
Citrus fruits, and many flowers,
Where the breakers eddy wide.

We love to sojourn by the sea,
Watch eb and flowing tide.
She is our stay, our ecstasy,
Our Sweet Home and our pride.
She is our little fairy land,
With fruit and blossoms tender.
No artist can portray a scene
Of beauty in more splendor.

—Chris Haag.

The Five-Thirty Train

I wonder if th' wimmen folks
Are gettin' supper yet;
I'm hungry as a thresher an'
I'll eat a pile, you bet.
I've bin a-cuttin' hedge so long
It seems my arms will break;
I'd like to set my teeth down in
A juicy piece of steak;
Or one o' them spring chickens
Seems to me would be th' stuff,
For chicks are always tender
An' steaks are sometimes tough.
I know that it's five-thirty 'cause
There comes th' evenin' mail
A-frightenin' th' horses an'
A-scarin' up th' quail.
I'd like to be th' engineer
An' cut 'em open wide;
I'll bet I'd give them passengers
A mighty thrillin' ride.
I'd shoot her round th' giddy curves
An' over trestles high,
Just like th' Flyin' Dutchman with
His coattails in th' sky.
So cut 'er loose, old engineer,
That's just th' thing to do—
My hands are full of stickers, an'
It's time to say I'm through.

—Selected.

Miss Poppy

'Twas on a summer morning,
Walking through the corn,
That I met a little maid
Looking all forlorn.
She had a scarlet petticoat
So beautiful to see.
I wondered if this little maid
Would ever marry me.
I bowed to her, I spoke to her,
I gave her sweet good-day.
She only tossed her little head
And turned the other way.
But, oh, I loved her dearly,
And grew so very bold,
I took her head, I kissed her lips,
Although they were so cold.
I took her in my loving arms
And carried her away.
I said, maybe she'll look on me
And marry me some day.
But when I came next morning
I found her dead, oh, me!
She was only a scarlet poppy,
Out by the Western sea.
—Selected.

Somebody Knows

Do you do the best you can?

Somebody knows.

Doing duties as a man?

Somebody knows.

Do you think you are the best,

So much better than the rest?

Do you think you will be blest?

Somebody knows.

Do you prosper, do you grow?

Somebody knows.

Do you brag or do you blow?

Somebody knows.

Are you dear or are you sweet?

Do you love good things to eat?

Do you well deserve a treat?

Somebody knows.

Are you happy, are you strong?

Somebody knows.

Are you right or are you wrong?

Somebody knows.

Are you telling truth or lies,

Making folks think you are wise?

Do you think you can disguise?

Somebody knows.

Do you think you're getting by?

Somebody knows.

Is your temper running high?

Somebody knows.

Have you given people pain?

Was there anything to gain?

You prognosticate in vain.

God knows.

—Selected.

Woman's Love

Ah, since I have seen him,
I believe I'm blind.
Where I glance forever
Him alone I find.
Evermore his image
In my waking dreams,
Through the deepest darkness,
Bright and joyous gleams.

Colorless and dreary
All is on my way!
And I feel so weary
When my sisters play.
I would fain be weeping,
In my room confined;
Ah, since I have met him,
I believe I'm blind.

I cannot grasp or believe it,
A dream has bewitched me quite.
Why was it that me of all maidens
He raised to his happiest height?
It seems that if he had spoken:
I am thine eternally—
It seemed—I still must be dreaming!
It cannot, cannot be.

Oh, let me die thus dreaming,
And resting upon his breast,
My death in ecstasy drinking,
In tears of unending rest!
In him I've joy and pleasure,
People call him a scamp;
He is my earthly treasure,
Although he is a tramp.

—Selected.

The World

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water around you
 curled,

And the wonderful grass upon your
 breast.

World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,

And the wonderful wind is shaking the
 tree.

It rolls o'er the water and whirls the mills,
And soliloquizes on top of the hills.

You friendly earth! how far you go,

With the wheat fields that nod and the
 rivers that flow;

With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles
And people upon you for thousands of
 miles.

Ah! you are so great and I am so small,

I tremble to think of you, world, at all;

And yet when I said my prayers today,

A whisper inside me seemed to say:

You are more than the earth, though you
 are such a dot.

You can love and think and the earth
 cannot.

MORAL

Then hold your grasshopper day after day
And while the sun shines, make your hay.

—Selected.

How to Be Happy

If your heart don't glow with kindness
And you're cross and crabbed too
How can people ever like you,
Have a thing with you to do.
You cannot receive affection
Unless you will aim to give.
Put your love in this direction,
Use it freely while you live.

If you have a heart befriending
For those by misfortune hit,
Prove your love to be unending;
Every little helps a bit.
Always kind and condescending;
Give the poor your little mite.
Little mites, I am contending,
Often set poor people right.

If you dwell in bliss and rapture
But are lacking ardent friends,
Just remember love will capture
And with people make amends.
Why not, then, adopt this measure,
See the meek and lowly through;
It will be a source of pleasure,
Repaid bountiful to you.

If another does not love you,
Has some faults with you to find,
You can see your own misfortune—
Don't be of that grouchy kind.
Wealth and beauty make no riches,
Bring no comfort to your door,
Put no treasure in your breeches,
But its kindness evermore.

California

In the fertile sunny Southland,
Where the sky is always blue,
Mountainsides and rolling valleys,
Blooming meadows fair to view,
Shelter homes of happy people,
In their lives supremely blest—
Days of sunshine, nights of coolness,
Bring activity, then rest.

Chorus:

California—Land of Plenty!
California—Paradise!
From thy charms, oh, California,
Other climes may not entice.
Once at home in California,
Quite forgot are earthly ills.
Life is lived in California
With a joyousness that thrills.

In the fragrant, sunny Southland,
Where the trees are always green,
There are acres lying idle,
Waiting thousands yet unseen.
Homes for them in peace and plenty
Wait the touch of human hand.
Orange groves and walnut orchards
Then will bloom o'er all the land.

In the golden, sunny Southland,
Where the year is always spring,
Nature, prodigal of blessings,
Makes the heart with rapture sing;
For beneath the ground lie hidden
Store of gems and yellow gold,
Of the wealth of California
Scarce the half hath yet been told!

In the joyous, sunny Southland,
By the ever-rolling sea,
Men are building for the future,
With the strength of unity.
Harbors, cities, smooth, broad highways—
Sparkling water brought from hills—
Life is lived in California
With intensity that thrills.

—Adele Humphry.

Close of Day

The raging storm at last is over.
All day the wind, so wild and shrill,
Has whipped the snow across the prairies;
But eventide comes calm and still.

The glowing, crimson west presages
The morrow as a better day;
And hope, within our breast arising,
Drives doubt and gloomy thoughts away.

May thus the shades of night enfold us
When strife and storm of life are past;
May faith and hope then find us waiting,
And peace befriend our hearts at last.

May thus our sun of life, descending,
In crimson deck the welcome west,
The promise that we on the morrow
With Christ eternally shall rest.

—*Selected.*

The Censor

How glad I'd be to have a tooth,
With action automatic,
To check my words when saying ill
By protest most emphatic;
A savage tooth, a censor tooth,
A critical incisor,
Well qualified to act as con-
Versational reviser;
Then every time I'd use a phrase
Which smacked of hate or spite,
That sentry tooth, right on its job,
Would give my tongue a bite.

—*Selected.*

Winter in California

Lives of easterners remind us,
They can keep that blizzard clime.
If they come west they'll find us,
We like sunshine all the time.

Come out west to the Pacific
Where the winter tourists go;
Where the climate is a real specific
And where Christmas roses grow.

Be no longer melancholy
In that frigid icy belt.
But come west and you'll be jolly,
Where the balmy breeze is felt.

California has her sunshine—
Has her honey milk and wine;
Has her rainy winter season
Which refreshes fruit and vine;

Has her vegetables in winter,
Has her fruits the season 'round;
Has her soil and many climates,
Everything good, sweet and sound.

Many ships are in her harbors,
You can see them near and far.
California welcomes many
With her Golden Gate ajar.

—Chris Haag.

Henpecked Men

Henpecked men should have no vote,
They're governed by a petticoat.
Where wives dominate and rule
Husbands are used as a tool.
Any man will rue the day
When he yields to woman's sway.
Woman is a faithful helpmeet,
She can make a home so sweet.
If she'll simply mind her business,
Married life will be a treat.
There can be no bliss and comfort
From the labors of the day.
Matrimony breeds but discord
Domineered by woman's sway.

—Chris Haag.

The Bloomin' Sparrow

The bloomin' sparrow
Went up the bloody spout.
The blarsted rain
Came down and washed the sparrow out.
The bloomin' sun dried up the blarsted
rain,
And the bloomin' sparrow
Went up the bloody spout again.

—Selected.

The Orange Bough

Oh! bring me one sweet orange bough
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow.
One bough with pearly blossoms dressed,
And bind it, mother, on my breast.
Go seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odors I must breathe no more.
The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.
Oh! love's fond sigh, and fervent prayer,
And wild farewell are lingering there.
Each leaf's light whisper has a tone
My fond heart, even in death, would own.
Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head,
And bind it, mother, on my breast,
When I am laid in lonely rest.

—Selected.

Below the Surface

Far out upon the waters
Where the ocean meadows are,
The sea is calm and limpid
Reflecting sun and star,
And down below the surface,
Beneath all sight and sound,
In soft and radiant beauty
Are priceless jewels found.

The noisy, writhing breakers
Attack the rugged shore,
Which, thrusting out its bony hands,
Resists them more and more.
And down below the surface
Is only barren ground
Where broken bits of worthless wrecks
And lowest life abound.

—Selected.

Up in the Hills

It is grand to go out camping
Up in the hills;
To go fishing or just tramping
Up in the hills.
When the sky is blue as June
And all nature is in tune,
Then an outing is a boon
Up in the hills.

I love to follow the mountain trail
Up in the hills;
To the haunts of deer and quail
Up in the hills.
On through mossy glen and glade,
Far into the cedar's shade,
Though I feel almost afraid,
Up in the hills.

It's a joy to stay all night
Up in the hills;
The star-sown heavens are a sight
Up in the hills;
We fry and bake by open fire
Dine and smoke to heart's desire,
Then in blankets we retire
Up in the hills.

I look aloft at crag and crest
Up in the hills;
I see creation at her best
Up in the hills;
I walk where sun-lit waters gleam,
I loiter by the noisy stream
And every day's a blissful dream
Up in the hills.

—Selected.

The Water Witch

Out back o' Clermont neighborhood lives 'bout
th' queerest man

'At ever lived, I betcha, since this old world
began.

Folks say his name's Th' Water Witch, but
witches they're a she

An' this here feller's masculine—th' same as
you an' me.

But—tell y', boys—he's mystical, like spirits er
a sprite,

'Cause he can p'int where water is when water
ain't in sight!

Now—just fer instance—we'll p'tend we had to
dig a well:

Where would you dig? Ain't none of us could
even guess an' tell.

But Water Witch—just let him come with that
queer gift o' his

An' when he tells you where to dig, you dig—
fer there it is!

He's got that water invoiced, boys, as if it was
in stock.

Just like them Bible prophets did that got it
from a rock.

Th' way he does is cut a sprout an' hold it in
his hands,

Then walk along and talk in words nobody
understands.

Next thing you know that doggon stick goes
p'intin' to th' ground,

Then Mister Wich he smiles an' says: "There
water can be found!"

An' there it is! Say, boys, I'd bet my soul
ag'in a Turk's

'At he could cross Sahary's sand an' find a
water works!

—Selected.

Melican Man

Melican man too muchee talkee
Him no sabe Chinaboy,
Too muchee lazy, no likee walkee,
Butcherman bringem him fohoy.

Wifee alle no sabe cookee,
Alle sa'me melican man,
No sabe wifee, too muchee lookee,
Makee trouble when'ne can.

Melican boy too muchee foollem,
Stealem vegetable alle time,
Hittee horsee, stealem boxee,
Take orange, lemon, lime.

Heap too lazy, no sabe workee,
Him likee libee too muchee hi,
No likee workee, too muchee clazy,
Eat too muchee, putty soon die.
—Chris Haag.

Be Hopeful

Be hopeful though the clouds hang low
And keep the eyes still lifted,
For the bright blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverbs say,
Is just before dawning.

'Tis a very good world that we live in,
To lend or to spend or to give in,
But to beg or to borrow or to get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.
—Selected.

Astronomy

Astronomy is 1-derful
And interesting 2;
The ear 3 volves around the sun
Which makes the year 4 you.

The sun and moon re-5 the earth
By law of phy-6 great
At 7 where the stars alive
Do mightly scentil-8.

If watchful Providence be 9
With god in-10-tions fraught,
Did not give up its grand design
We soon would come to 0.

Astronomy is 1-derful
But its 2 mighty 4
1 man to grasp and that is why
I'b better say no more.

—Book of Knowledge.

Neither high nor lowly station,
Neither friend nor foe,
Neither sin's abomination
Nor a world of woe,
Neither pleasure nor disaster,
Neither heav'n nor earth and sea,—
Nothing, nothing, dearest Master,
Severs us from Thee.

H. Osterhus.

Safety First

Safety first is what we need,
Careful driving and less speed.
Do not think you own the street,
If the cops aren't on the beat.
Always look ahead to see
If the road is clear and free.
There's no need for you to weep
If you look before you leap,
And you'll not be in a flurry,
If you are not in a hurry.
Take great care when you are steering,
Keep a lookout when you're veering;
Always try to dodge all flivvers,
Else they'll knock you into slivers.
Report every reckless driver.
He may make a good high diver.
Always use best gas and oil,
If you would much trouble foil.
You should buy the best of tires
Even if your firm expires.

Chris Haag.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A man is known by the love letters he keeps.

A guilty conscience is the mother of invention.

Whosoever thy hands find to do, do with thy might.

It is a wise child who knows less than his own father.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do now.

He who loves and runs away may live to love another day.

—Selected.

The Catalina Boat

If you happen to be fishin' on a Catalina boat,
An' yer gettin' kinda-dizzy,
An' there's somethin' in yer throat,
You'd be better turnin' backward
To the shore 'fore it is dark,
For your health, it is failin'
An' yer goin' to say New York.

When the skipjacks are a-bitin,
An' a-jerkin on the line
An' the day is nice an' sunny,
An' you think yer feelin' fine,
Soon yer face is gettin' yaller
An' yer longin' for a park,
You'll be leanin' o'er the railin,
An' you'll have to say New York.

Still the boat keeps on a-rockin,
An' your lookin' cross the sea,
An' yer yaller's gettin' greener,
An' yer weak as yo can be,
That's the time yer feedin' fishes,
An' yer sorry of yer lark,
For yer tired of the ocean
An' yo wish yer in New York.

—Chris Haag.

My Mother

Who on my cheek sweet kisses prest—my mother
Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet hushaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry—my
mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?—my mother
When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?—my
mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?—my mother
Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?—my
mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and dear to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me—my mother
Ah! No, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care—my mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will sooth thy pains away—my mother
And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed—my mother.

The Mocking Bird

Our mocking bird's a hummer;
We love to hear his lay
In winter and in summer,
And we hope that he will stay.
His song is so enchanting,
A sweet, melodious peal—
We love to hear this songster
With his chanting cantabile.

He's not so very pretty,
Nor is he called a pet;
But he's a charming songster,
A warbler, you can bet.
When he sings in early morning
We hear him from aloof,
For 'ere the day is dawning,
He is piping on the roof.

How he twitters, quivers, warbles;
He can sing to beat the band.
And in imitating others,
He's the finest in the land.
Altho' he's not a beauty,
His lay is just immense.
He will not neglect his duty,
Even tho' he's on the fence.

We love this little wonder,
Our chanting philomel.
How long he's going to whistle,
We cannot always tell.
It gives you joy and pleasure
To hear him, you can bet.
He furnishes free music
With his little flageolet.

—Chris Haag.

What I Live For

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.

For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake.

Bards, Patriots, Martyrs, Sages,
The noble of all ages;
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And times great volumes make.

I live to hold communion,
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union,
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine.

To profit by affliction
Reap truths from fields of fiction;
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I love to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold;
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold.

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted;
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
—George L. Banks, in Book of Knowledge.

I Know

The paths my feet have trod
On this old Earth
Are known to God;
If steps of mine
In devious ways have gone
He is my judge
Unbiased One.

If, in the valley's gloom,
Or on the mountain height,
My soul sought room
'Twas in His sight—
He saw my pain,
The agony of one who grows—
So, if I've lived in vain,
I know He knows.

As evening comes
And shadows fall
Beyond the dark
He hears my call
What matters ashes on my head
Or fickleness of friend—
I've learned no soul is ever dead,
That life shall never end.

—Selected.

In California

When the frost begins to nip,
And on ice they slide and slip,
Then 'tis time to take a trip
 To California;
For soon come the thaw and freeze,
When they all begin to sneeze,
And they plead: "Oh, take us, please,
 To California."

'Tis the land of sun and flowers,
Where they spend the happy hours
'Neath the cool and shady bowers—
 In California;
Here are scenes of rare delight,
Ever bursting on your sight,
And will charm you day and night—
 In California.

There are mountains, plains and seas,
And a healthful, balmy breeze
Blowing through the fragrant trees
 In California;
Here good roads lead everywhere,
And the worried lose all care
In this land so bright and fair—
 Our California.

Under olive, orange, rose,
You may rest in sweet repose;
Oh, 'tis heaven to him who goes
 To California;
He may long for loved ones dear,
But his wish to have them here
Will land them—never fear—
 In California.

—Selected.

When Circus Comes to Town

When the circus comes to town,
Mamma dons her bestes gown,
'N' says: "I do not care to go,
But the children like it so."

Nursie says: "I am so tired,
But you know that I am hired,
And the children need me, too,
So I'll go along with you."

Sister looks so dignified
And us children oft does chide;
Says she cares not for a show,
But she reckons she will go.

Daddy acts the part of sage;
Says: "Of course, one at my age
Does not care for all this noise
Like they did when they were boys."

Says: "I'm feeling awful weak,
Guess I'd better rest a streak;
Biz is awful dull today,
Believe I'll go out to the play."

Then we children pass a grin,
For their talk is far too thin;
They are nearly dead to go,
But they hate to have us know!

—Selected.

The Orphan Kiddie

I never had no mamma,
No daddy, nor no home—
Things I've always wanted,
But they never seem to come.

They found me on a doorstep;
The stork that left me there
Must a-been mistaken
Or else it didn't care.

It must be nice to be with folks
Where you can have your say
And be one of 'em, like the rest,
And not be sent away.

And to have some one to love you
Like you were wanted for sure,
And stay near you in the evening
When it's dark behind the door.

And I will have 'em some day,
And sure-enough ones, too—
A sure-enough mamma and daddy,
As the other kiddies do.

For I just never can believe
That a kiddie—it's absurd—
Is always to be an orphan
Because of a careless old bird.

For something in me's calling—
Calling for love. Can't you see,
If you're to be happy and homelike
You can't get along without me.

—Selected.

The Land of Little Children

The land of little children is where I want to be,
Where you can pick stick candy right off a candy
tree.

The land o' little children,
Where oranges will grow
'Most every time you wish and wish
Until the wish is so.

There's cocoanut cake for breakfast, and apple
pie at noon,
And when you want another piece you slice it
from the moon.

The land o' little children,
Bananas all the while,
And every time you want a bunch
You bow and make a smile.

Oh, how the dreams are glowing in the little eyes
that shine
In that dear land of honey bread and angel cake
and wine.

The land o' little children,
That you cross your heart and say:
"Oh, Lord, make me a little child
Like once-upon-a-day!"

—Selected.

Women's Rights

The rights of women, what are they,
The right to labor, love and pray,
The right to weep when others weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear,
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort to despair,

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death,
The right when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wonderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame.
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide,
In simple faith in Him who died.
With earnest love and gentle praise,
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right to live for those who love,
The right to die that love to prove,
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well,
Thy silent influence none can tell.
If these are thine why ask for more?
Thou has enough to answer for.

—Selected.

Latter-Day Warnings

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks—
When berries—whortle, rasp, and straw—
Grow bigger downwards through the box.
When he that selleth house and lands
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose windows has the broadest light,—
When preachers tell us all they think—
And party leaders all they mean—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean,—
When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for consciences' sake.
When one that has a horse on sale,
Shall bring his merit to the proof
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof.
When in the usual place for ripe,
Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips,
Where first umbrellas need repair.
When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist.
When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore—
Till then let coming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your assention robe!

—Selected.

Song of the Bums

We are the bums, the jolly chums,
We know what things are good.
You bet we're wise,
We love our pies,
But hate the sight of wood.
A woodpile surely makes us hike,
When folks show us the ax,
We keep on drilling down the pike,
And sponge on country Jakes.

We try to get the finest feed,
With some folks make a hit.
We with our hot air talk proceed
And needn't work a bit.
We love to smell the fragrant hay,
Lie on it when we sleep.
We don't go hungry night or day,
When others sow and reap.

The world is good enough for us,
Let people toil who will.
What is the use to work or fuss
When we can get our fill.
We have no boss, but little care
As we our footsteps trace.
We make our home most anywhere
And get by on our face.

For dogs we have no earthly use—
Some people make them pets.
If we would have good things to choose,
We'd choose our cigarettes.
We hang around near poultry yards,
In bush near growing crops.
We have less care than kings or lords,
We dodge all city cops.

—Chris Haag.

The Vegetarian

How can they eat the butcher's meat,
Those animals, those dirty feet,
The head, the heart, the leg, the groin,
The part they call the tenderloin?

How can they eat a bossy calf,
With appetite, they make me laugh,
A bull, or cow of any kind,
E'en eat the tail that trails behind.

The barnyard chick that perches high,
The ducks or geese—how feathers fly
When they catch them for the pan,
To satisfy the hungry man.

The little lamb, the kid, the goat,
That's sold for mutton; how they gloat
To kill a buck, a doe, or ram,
Or steal a kid besides it's dam.

The hog—a very nasty beast,—
Will never gag them in the least.
It is consumed from ear to heel,
And if they could, they'd save the squeal.

How can the people eat this meat,
When garden truck cannot be beat;
When there is plenty fruit, and grain,
And better things for brawn and brain.
—Chris Haag.

The Old Dime Novel

The teacher took them from your hand and
tore them into bits,
"Frank Reade's Electric Air Machine,"
"Frank Reade's Electric Submarine,"
And other classic thrills, back to which your
memory flits.
"Frank Reade's Electric Wagon" and "Frank
Reade's Electric Man,"
Those vivid, living pages that you left your
work to scan!
You saw consigned to ruthless flames those
gems you used to prize,
You heard them classed as "common trash, a
mess of human lies."

Your daddy used to seize you very gently by
the ear,
And in his stern and righteous way,
"What awful trash," he used to say,
"Why don't you read Charles Dickens, or 'The
Ride of Paul Revere?'"
And then you read Charles Dickens—with the
pages open wide
And "Frank Reade's New Electric Horse"
spread stealthily inside.
Full many a man has scaled the cliffs and
weathered worldly gales
Who spent his early boyhood reading Beadle's
Half-Dime Tales.

The other boys, who stuck to toys and read the
deeper books,
Who thought dime novels weren't nice,
Somehow, they haven't cut much ice
And Life's important prizes haven't dangled
from their hooks.
Though wisdom is a thing to prize, too many
minds it chokes—
Without Imagination we would be a race of
jokes;
And future Thomas Edisons may loom before
our gaze
Who liked to read dime novels in their golden
boyhood days.

—William F. Kirk

As It Is

He eats full enough to kill an old mule,
And disregards every sensible rule;
He's lazy and loggy, so naturally fat;
But he flies in a rage if you mention that.
When he ought to be walking he always will
ride;
When he ought to be golfing he's cooped up
inside.
He'd like to feel frisky and in that vain hope,
He's always trying some patented dope.
The reason he's puffy and short in the breath
Is because he is eating his fool self to death;
He really is well, but he's weak in the will;
He would like to quit gorging but stuffs him-
self still—
If he knew when to lay his knife and fork
down
He'd be the healthiest man in the town.

—*Selected.*

The Pessimist Breaks Loose

There is a land of small delight,
Where all we mortals dwell,
Where something pesters day and night
And holidays as well.
Misfortune's ice is spread afar,
Whereon each mortal slips;
And those who dodge the motor car,
Appendicitis grips.

While shines the sun, man maketh hay,
And sunstroke is his gain;
He saveth for a rainy day,
And lo, it doesn't rain.
The demon corn gnaws at his feet,
Or pain his eye-tooth rides,
Or something that he's had to eat
Disturbs his whole insides.

His wife depletes whate'er he's earned,
And buyeth flats galore,
And, every time his back is turned,
They raise his taxes more.
Almost before he gets to bed
A new day doth commenc;.
Full oft he'd wish that he were dead—
Except for the expense.

Such is the life we mortals live—
A paltry, tiresome task;
All joys are given in a sieve,
Cares in a stoppered flask.
If poor, a man is thought a dunce;
If rich, 'tis called a crime.
Good fortune knocks, 'tis said, but once;
Hard luck knocks all the time.

—Selected.

Daylight Dreams

In the brilliant scenes of past-time—
While th' country then was new—
We had spelling schools at night-time,
Our studies to review;
And had husking bees in day-time,
To hurry cribbing through.
Such happy folks we've seldom seen—
In later days, you know—
When sleighs and sleds would then careen
In banks of deep white snow.
The girls were clothed in dresses neat,
Of linsey-woolsey red;
Sufficient length to hide their feet
Was all Dame Fashion said.
No sanitary laws they had
To make them wear them short;
The styles that were, were not so bad,
No, nothing of the sort.
Good wives and mothers they would make,
And families large would rear;
We seldom knew them to forsake
Their homes or husbands dear.
Along came evolution's throes,
Thus changing things around;
Not as the fern or lily grows,
Which beautifies the ground.
Results produced in families here
Show issues one or two;
Some live together for a year,
Then pine for something new.
Yes, give us back those good days,
With households more complete,
Where prattling tongues and childish ways
Within the circle meet.

—Selected.

California in 1849

By Peter S. Morrison

We have formed our band, and we are well
manned

To journey on to the promised land.
Where the golden ore lies rich in store
On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

CHORUS

Then ho, boys ho, to California go,
There's plenty of gold, for the world we're
told,
On the banks of the Sac-ra-men-to.

Don't breathe a sigh nor do not cry
For we'll all be back again bye and bye
Don't breathe a fear nor shed a tear,
For we'll all be back in about four year.

CHORUS

The gold is there, most any-where,
And we'll dig it up with an old crowbar.
And where it's thick, with a spade and a pick,
We dig up chunks as big as a brick.

CHORUS

The ancient prophets have foretold
A City to come that's paved with gold,
Peradventure they foresaw the day
Dawning on Cal-i-for-ni-a.

On the Farm

Those sunny days were days of charm,
When we were living on the farm.
How quiet is the country life,
Away from city toil and strife.
It seems to me but yesterday
When father was a-making hay.

We'd go out to the field to hoe
The corn, while father used to mow.
He'd tell us in what field to weed,
While elsewhere he'd be sowing seed;
And when the sun was hot and bright
We'd work and work till late at night.

When winter came, we'd gather wood—
Our fireplace would feel so good.
We'd feed the cattle, bed with straw,
Then grind the ax or file the saw.
We'd do our work and never flinch,
While old Jack Frost would nip and pinch.

Then listen to the stories told
In winter time when days were cold.
At times we'd watch the wind and rain,
How it would patter on the pane.
We'd see the snow birds on the tree
And hear them chirp their pee-dee-dee.

And oh, the snow balls we would make,
We were so cold we'd shiver, quake.
The boys would throw them while at school,
Which was against the teacher's rule.
All this was done,—we meant no harm,
While living on an Eastern farm.

—Chris Haag.

Out to the Farm

Onward, brothers, to the soil,
Let no idle thought delay you,
While the world is steeped in spoil,
You will find that it will pay you.
To the farm—help in this struggle,
Where Old Glory is unfurled,
Don't you hear the calling bugle?
Help to feed the starving world.

Gird yourselves with strong endeavor,
Try to grow the largest crop,
Show the world that you are clever,
Keep a-trying, never stop;
Take a lesson from the farmer,
Watch him irrigate and hoe.
Be no city false-alarmer,
Show us now what you can grow.

To the farm then let us travel,
Make our jitney pull the plow.
Do real farming, on the level;
Even learn to milk a cow.
Let us all be up and doing,
Growing grain and making hay
Out where turtle-doves are cooing,
Do our work and win the day.

—Chris Haag.

Just California

'Twixt the seas and the deserts,
'Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves,
It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

It lies where God hath spread it,
In the gladness of His eyes,
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry
Beneath His shining skies;
With the green of woven meadows
And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers,
And the flash of popped plains.

Days rise that gleam in glory,
Days die with sunset's breeze,
While from Cathay that was of old,
Sail countless argosies;
Morns break again in splendor
O'er the giant, new-born West,
But of all the lands God fashioned,
'Tis this land is the best.

Sun and dews that kiss it,
Balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
Upon its peaks of snow;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below the white seas swirled—
Just California stretching down
The middle of the world.

—John S. McGroarty.

A Day of Rain

There's somethin' in a day of rain
Gits in a feller's feelin's so;
A somethin' that I can't explain,
And ketches him and won't let go.
My old corn planter clicked and sung
Down that last row and put her in,
Then humped itself like two and swung
Up through the lane and home again.

I turned the hosses to their hay
And flung 'em down a little grain,
And, loafin' in the shed this way,
I kinda like to watch the rain.
There's pictures in it, driftin' slow
Up through the orchard plot to me,
Of truant ways I used to know,
And days of dear old Used to Be.

And promises of crops and things,
Fer when the rain falls down to sink
Into the thirsty loam and sings
As though to call the corn to drink,
A feller's got to just admit,
With all his labor and expense
Of plantin' corn and tendin' it,
He's still in debt to Providence.

And when the last row's in and done,
Just what the Lord sends is my choice,
Or soakin' rain or burnin' sun,
I'll hump my back and still rejoice.
But when it rains like this today,
With pictures in the atmosphere,
I want to jest sit down and pray,
And thank the Lord because I'm here.

—Selected

Where Roses Are a-Blooming

Dear old California, stretching down across the
West!

Where all nature greets the tourist with a
smile;

The land of life and beauty, peace, happiness
and rest,

Where sweet roses are a-blooming all the
while.

They are blooming in the garden and climbing
o'er the wall—

Red, yellow, white and pink of every style;

You may gather them in summer, in winter,
spring or fall,

For our roses are a-blooming all the while.

Yes, the heart goes back to loved ones where the
frost-king rules today,

And there's genial warmth around the old
hearth tile;

But we've found an earthly paradise, and here
we long to stay—

Where sweet roses are a-blooming all the
while.

O land of genial sunshine, along the sunset sea!
O Golden State! your fruits and flowers
beguile;

Here happy birds are singing to bind our hearts
to thee—

Where sweet roses are a-blooming all the
while.

—Selected.

The Lord Is Risen

On Easter Day the Prince of Life,
The Victor in the deadly strife,
Our Lord, who died on Calvary,
Rose from His grave triumphantly.
Hallelujah!

The human race in bondage lay,
But Jesus took its sin away,
Led captivity our captivity,
O'ercame our foes, and set us free.
Hallelujah!

The Lord is risen, and was seen
By weeping Mary Magdelene,
By His disciples, one and all,
(1 Cor. 15, 7.)
And others, finally by Paul.
(1 Cor. 15, 8.)
Hallelujah!

He that is risen from the dead
Now lives forever as our Head,
Nor will His members ever die;
This message fills our hearts with joy.
Hallelujah!

The Lord is risen that we all
By faith might rise from Adam's fall,
And henceforth to our Savior cling,
Until in heaven we shall sing:
Hallelujah!

—Selected.

Sharks

There are sharks on land and water,
Sharks that have a craving thirst,
Sharks that prey on human beings,—
But the land shark is the worst.

These land sharks subsist on others,
Their range is far and wide;
Even rope in sisters, brothers,
Showing them the brightest side.

These land sharks will live on people
Who believe their blooming lies.
They are shyters, pure and simple,—
Some are demons in disguise.

Water sharks are but voracious,
When by hunger they are pinched;
Land sharks always are rapacious,
Till their victims they have cinched.

Then for sharks be on the lookout,
Sharks that here parade on land.—
And if they should try to fleece you,
Break away and have them canned.

—Chris Haag.

Just a Tip!

If you happen to be East,
Where frost or heat kills man or beast,
Don't be worried in the least—
Try California.

Don't allow yourself to weep;
'Tis a rule that you should keep;
You can always eat and sleep
In California.

There are millions on the Coast;
Nights are cool, we never roast
And there is no need to boast
Of California.

Let me here give you a tip:
Break away and make the trip;
At our beaches take a dip—
In California.

Don't delay until too late,
For the Coast is bracing, great;
Gobble up this tempting bait
In California.

Where the ocean's ever blue
With a tinge of azure hue
And the very place for you
Is California.

It's the place where you should stay.
You will find that it will pay
If you'll only make your way
To California.

—Chris Haag.

Rural Papers

What good are rural papers
To a city man of style,
Who is busy at his office
Or rides autos all the while;
Who doesn't know the joys of farming
And the bliss of country life:
Who ne'er thinks of things so charming,
Neither does his darling wife?

Of what use are rural papers
To a worthless city chap;
Who is hanging 'round the poolroom
And for work ne'er gives a rap,
Who's supported by his folks
And who never wants to work;
Nor do a tap at labor,
But only wants to shirk?

What good are these farm papers
To a lazy city mob;
For when people need a helper,
They never desire a job.
They don't know the country's beauty;
And it only serves them right.
If they'd work or do their duty,
They could earn an honest bite.

The paper's for the rural man,
The man who labors when he can;
It's for the girls that need no fan,
The girls that wield the frying pan;
It's for the youth who's on the farm,
Where country life is such a charm,
Where life's a pleasure, labor's sweet,
Where people work, sleep, drink and eat.
—Chris Haag.

“Them’s His Sentiments”

What’s this I hear borne on the winds
Of strife and envious hate
That rumble up and down our coast
And say, “Divide our state”?

Men, brothers, now at this late day
Shall we give thought and place
To warring issues that arise
And our fair state deface?

For sixty years she’s stood entire,
And is the nation’s prize;
Let’s banish now all thoughts of strife
And effect a compromise.

For, glancing back to years gone by,
We behold on memory’s page
The picture, penned in burning lines,
That lives from age to age.

She’s neither East nor West, it reads,
But, in middle of the world,
The scroll, hung by the hand of God,
Is a thousand miles unfurled.

Shall we let rival interests now
Arise and cut in twain
This fairest gem of all the states
Throughout our whole domain?

Remember, fifty years ago,
That fierce and bloody strife;
Men fought, first by argument, then
Each sought to take his brother’s life.

What for? but that their unborn sons
Throughout the years to come
Might have, as future legacy,
Their native land in one great sum.

Shall we, then, be wise like they,
And still from age to age
Ever hold intact our Golden State
As our children’s heritage?

—Selected.

Drifting

Drifting away from each other,
Steadily drifting apart;
No harm to each that the world can reach,
Nothing to lose but a heart.

Nothing of doubt or wrong,
Nothing that either can cure;
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to do but endure.

Only a man's heart striving,
Bitterly hard with its doom;
Only a hand, tender and bland,
Slipping away in the gloom.

Drifting away from each other,
More and more every day;
Only one soul from another soul,
Silently drifting away.

—Selected.

California

California, stately, grand,
Ancient, glorious, fruitful land.
Lofty mountains, climate best—
It's the place for you to rest.
Fruit galore here you will find,
Other crops, most any kind,
Rich in products, oil and ore;
Nothing better anywhere.
Independent state is she,
Always good enough for me.

—Chris Haag.

People Liked Him

People liked him, not because
He was rich, nor known to fame.
He had never won applause
As a star in any game.
His was not a brilliant style,
His was not a forceful way.
But he had a genial smile
And a kindly word to say.

Never arrogant or proud,
On he went with manner mild;
Never quarrelsome or loud,
Just as simple as a child,
Honest, patient, brave and true—
Thus he lived from day to day,
Doing what he found to do
In a cheerful sort of way.

Wasn't one to boast of gold
Or belittle it with sneers;
Didn't change from hot to cold;
Kept his friends throughout the years.
Sort of man you like to meet
Any time or any place.
There was always something sweet
And refreshing in his face.

Sort of man you'd like to be;
Balanced well and truly square;
Patient in adversity,
Generous when the skies were fair.
Never lied to friend or foe,
Never rash in word or deed,
Quick to come and quick to go
In a neighbor's time of need.

Never rose to wealth or fame,
Simply lived and simply died,
But the passing of his name
Left a sorrow far and wide.
Not for glory he'd attained,
Nor for what he had of pelf,
Were the friends that he had gained—
But for what he was himself.

—Selected

Queen of the Sierras

Mount Baldy to Mt. Wilson said:

"Please tell me, if you may,
Who is the lass you're flirting with
'Most every night and day?"
"I've known her," was the curt reply,
"Ever since she was a child;
She appeared one morning in July
From out the desert wild.

"Her father was a mining man
Whose name was Golden State!
You've likely met her sister San,
Who guards the Golden Gate;
She's queen of the Sierra Range,
Los Angeles is her name;
She's noted for her beauty strange;
Alas! she's ne'er the same.

"Her graceful form, bedecked with weaths,
December, March or June,
Emits a fragrance as she breathes
Of violet rose perfume;
Her sunny smile entrances all
Who come within her wake;
No matter, young or old, they fall
Who of her charms partake.

"Her rich apparel speaks of wealth;
Her style is all her own;
She always wears an orange belt—
At dawn a purple gown!
I've seen her dressed in orange gray
In evening's afterglow;
In green array on Christmas day;
But ne'er a cloak of snow.

"Of relatives she has a host;
Of course it's as it should;
She visits Pasadena most,
Then next comes Hollywood.
But in the summer's sunset grand
I see her as she strolls
Along Pacific's silvery strand
To watch its sparkling shoals."

—Selected.

Maxioms

Reward is its own virtue.

The wages of sin is alimony.

Money makes the mayor go.

A penny saved spoils the broth.

Of two evils choose the prettier.

Theres' no fool like an old maid.

Make love while the moon shines.

Where there's a won't there's a way.

Nonsense makes the heart grow fonder.

A word to the wise is a dangerous thing.

A living gale is better than a dead calm.

A fool and his money corrupt good manners.

A word in the hand is worth two in the ear.

—Selected.

Treat Her Kindly

Ven yer vife grows sad und weary
Und begins ter pine und pout,
You can make her glad und cheery
Ven you kiss her on der mout.

As berfume shprings vrom der flower,
Sheds ids fragrance by der vay,
She avaid der happy hour
Ven you kiss her efry day.

Oh, no tong can tell der rapture
Of a dru und lofing heart,
How der kiss vill helb tu capture,
Und she'll always do her bart.

Id is nonsense fer tu holler,
Pring dishonor und dismay,
Loose yer base, somedimes yer collar;
You shood kiss her efry day.

You shood hug her, call her honny,
Dreat her gindly as you can;
It don't cost you any money
Ven you show yourself a man.

—Chris Haag.

Smile a Little

Smile a little, it won't hurt you,
As you travel down the road.
It may help some fellow-brother
Bending 'neath life's heavy load.
It may make a sad heart lighter,
It may bring a ray of joy
To a soul now steeped in darkness;
It may save some wandering boy.

Give a hand-clasp, warm and earnest,
To that man who's lost the way;
Let him feel that you're his brother,
And will turn him not away.
Kindly words are worth a ransom,
If you speak them with a smile.
Give them freely, gladly, brother;
You will find it well worth while.

—Selected.

Country Life

I want to be a country jay,
Away from city life;
Away from politicians
And all the city strife.
Away out in the country
Is where I'd like to stay,
Raise garden truck and melons
And sweet alfalfa hay.

I want to do some farming
And own a little ranch,
To have a lovely orchard,
Pick fruit right off the branch.
It gives me joy and pleasure
To get the air and sun,
I hail it as a treasure
And find it lots of fun.

I long to raise some chickens;
I like to see them scratch;
If they don't raise the dickens
With the watermelon patch.
I like fresh eggs and butter
And vegetables galore,
I want to farm and putter—
The city makes me sore.

Oh, let us all get busy
And plow up every lot;
Quit riding that tin lizzy,
Get something in the pot.
Let us all do our duty;
Plant now our garden seeds
For profit and for beauty
To meet our country's needs.

We don't need coolie labor
If we all do our part;
Let's unite with strong endeavor—
Do the work with all our heart.
If we try we'll win the battle;
We will conquer, never fear;
We can work both late and early—
Let us keep our money here.

—Chris Haag.

Put Me Off at the Pacific

Put me off at the Pacific,
At its healthful ocean shore,
Where the crops are most prolific,
Fruits and vegetables galore.

Let me dwell there winter, summer,
Bathe in nature's sparkling tide;
Where the surging billows murmur,
Let me ever there abide.

Put me off at the Pacific,
Where the balmy breezes blow;
Where the nights are cool in summer;
Where in winter roses grow.

Let me gaze upon the ocean
And enjoy the balmy breeze.
It is there I long to linger;
Dwell 'mid shady palms and trees.

Put me off at the Pacific,
On that golden sunset strand,
There to dwell in California,
Where the climate is so grand.

Let me banish every care,
Where the shore and billows meet.
It's the Fairest of the Fair—
Here to be is quite a treat.

—Chris Haag.

It Is Better

Keep a smile on your lips; it is better
To joyfully, hopefully try
For the end you would gain, than to fetter
Your life with a moan or a sigh.
There are clouds in the firmament ever
The beauty of heaven to mar,
Yet night so profound there is never
But somewhere is shining a star.

Keep a song in your heart; it will lighten
The duty you hold in your hand;
Its music will graciously brighten
The work your high purpose has
planned.
Your notes to the lives that are saddened
May make them to hopefully yearn,
And earth shall be wondrously gladdened
By songs they shall sing in return.

Keep a task in your hands; you must
labor.
By toil is true happiness won;
For foe and for friend and for neighbor,
Rejoice, there is much to be done.
Endeavor, by crowning life's duty
With joy-giving song and with smile,
To make the world fuller of beauty
Because you are in it awhile.

—Selected.

Uncle Sam's Young Army

We are Uncle Sam's young army
And we're many million strong.
All together we are marching,
Marching, marching right along.
Not a coward is among us,
Every heart is staunch and true,
And although we are but children
Yet there's something we can do.
We can guard our country's colors
Raise them high with cheer and song.
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're many millions strong.

Well we know the splendid stories
Of the brave deeds of the past.
And our country we have promised
That such bravery shall last.
Loyal we will be and love her,
True in every word and deed,
That we may be worthy of her
When it comes our turn to lead.
Now we can but guard her colors,
Proud that to us they belong.
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
Marching, marching right along.

And although the smoke of battle
Shadows our dear land today,
Still we little color bearers,
With the flag can light the way.
See, how glad are all to cheer it,
Praises come from every mouth.
One great nation kneels to bless it,
East and west and north and south.
All together we are marching,
Marching, marching right along.
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're many million strong.
—Selected.

Our Mirror Lake

Could you vision a surface more calmly serene
Than that of this mirror-lake where the scene,
As viewed from our bark floating idly away,
Is a picture which closes a heavenly day?

For the green of the trees, with the tints of
the sky,
Blend beautiful colors to mellow the eye,
While the globes of the alder in gossamer white
Smile back at the lilies their sweetest "Good-
night."

And the shadows below, whether em'rald or
snow,
Are shimmering softly, as if they could know
That our hearts have been captured and carried
afar
To a dream-haunted harbor where the good
fairies are.

Hark! The song in our dreams is a quaint,
woody trill;
Then the shrill-spoken name of the weird whip-
poor-will
Goes dancing away on the lilt of the lay
O'er the haven of dreams to the dawn of the day.
—Selected

The Isles of Youth

Far out on memory's throbbing sea
Of cherished hopes and lost emprise,
Of strangled faith, chained liberty,
The golden isles of youth arise.
They wear a glory on their crest,
Their valleys are all vales of peace,
Their flowered fields, that woo to rest,
The fragrance of the spring release.

Time blots them from the magic page
That memory holds for me to read;
Time steals away their heritage
That toil and sorrow supersede;
But still sometimes I catch a gleam
Of sun-kissed crest, of cloudless skies,
And in my wearied fancy seem
To see the isles of youth arise.

Oh, happy dream! Oh, radiant land
Of love and faith and innocence!
The sad years pass, and in their hand
Bring naught your loss can recompense;
Yet times, when memory's kindly art
Strips custom's bandage from my eyes,
I see, with wildly beating heart,
The golden isles of youth arise.

—Selected.

Under the Umbrella

HE

She snuggles close to me for fear
The rain may soil her pretty dress;
I wonder if she knows how sweet
My arm feels 'neath her soft caress?
Oh, could I shelter her for aye
From Time's rude hand and endless care,
She nestling as she does today
Happy with me her life to share.

SHE

I wish I dared to press his arm,
But he might think me very bold;
In modesty there is a charm
That never lets the pulse grow cold;
So I will stifle all desire
And act Priscilla, staid and prim,
Although my veins seem all afire,
While walking in the rain with him.

HER MOTHER

Left to the rain and beating wind,
Alas, no thought they give to me;
I pardon them, for they are blind,
And being blind they cannot see.
'Tis retribution in the main,
I did the same, so never mind.
I often met Jack in the rain
And let poor mother walk behind.
—Selected.

On the Beach

At the big ocean my little ones two,
Shouting and cheering where waters are blue,
Laughing and bare-legged, so browned by the
sun,

My little young ones are having some fun.
Digging and burrowing holes in the sand,
Watching the breakers washing the strand,
Bathing and watching the waters that leap;
Dancing in water, they fall in a heap.
Running and skipping, they hop, skip and jump,
Seeing each other get many a bump.
Wading and bathing, having no fear,
Gazing at people thronging the pier.
This is the life that the children love best;
This is the place where people invest.
Live at the seashore, do as you please—
Boating or fishing, reclining at ease,
Enjoying a purely salubrious clime—
Me for California every time.

—Chris Haag.

Kiss Her

When your wife and you fall out,
Don't strut about and shout,
Don't growl at her, or scowl at her, or hiss her;
You'll find it does not pay,
Try your luck another way—
Just take her in your arms and gently kiss her.

When your wife and you must fight,
Make her think she's in the right—
Don't rush off to your club where you will miss
her.

Should a fight with wifey start,
You will play the big man's part
If you take her in your arms and gently kiss her.

—Selected.

The Proper Way

Tell us not that people slumber
When they marry young in life.
Neither do they earth encumber
In their happy married life.

Life is animate existence,
Single life is never best.
Let there then be no resistance,
We have put it to a test.

Should you wish to live in concord,
You must marry in your prime.
Otherwise there may be discord,
You may wither ere your time.

Man is not within his station,
When out chasing in the night.
But a menace to the nation,
And he knows it isn't right.

Are you single? Grow not weary,
Throw your line with baited hook.
When you're married you'll be cheery,
Let your wife then be your cook.

All this prate, "You can't afford it,"
Is a false alarm—a joke.
Woman is a faithful helpmeet,
If the truth was ever spoke.

Then stay home and do your cooing,
Dates with women are no good.
Give your wife all of your wooing,
Or be home a-sawing wood.

Let us then be up and doing.
If you're single get your mates.
Then there'll be less trouble brewing
In the whole United States.

—Chris Haag.

Song of the Tramp

Give me no city mansion fine,
No table spread with meat and wine,
No silken-curtained canopy
To deck the bed whereon I lie,
No worldly wealth or cares of State
To keep me anxious, early, late.

But be my roof the skies' blue deep,
Above me while I wake or sleep;
My bed of down, the field of corn,
To slumber sweet from night till morn;
My board, the dewy banks of grass
Where mountain breezes whispering pass.

Light lies my heart of pain or care
As own the long white road I fare;
I go not thirsty or unfed;
Sweet is the daily crust of bread,
The water from the wayside rill,
The berries plucked upon the hill.

Dear is the spongy, fragrant sod
That carpets all the fields of God;
Dearer than wealth or merchandise
The wide, illimitable skies,
The breath of freedom and of space
That wraps me as my way I trace
Along the road that knows no care,
The road that leads to anywhere.
—Selected.

He Wins

The man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any particular plan,
Nor blessed with any peculiar luck—
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.
When asked a question, he does not
“guess”—

He knows, and answers “no” or “yes.”
When set a task that the rest can’t do,
He buckles down till he’s put it through.
Three things he’s learned: That the man
who tries,

Finds favor in his employer’s eyes;
That it pay to know more than one thing
well;

That it doesn’t pay all he knows to tell.
For the man who wins is the man who
works,

Who neither labor nor trouble shirks;
Who uses his hand, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries.

—Selected.

I'd Like to Be a Farmer

I'd like to be a farmer,
'Cause 'taters are so high.
Just see the price of onions,
It's way up in the sky.
It surely makes me homesick
To see sweet 'taters grow,
An' see the corn a-standin',
So graceful in a row.

I'd like to grow big punkins
An' roll 'em from the patch;
An' raise sweet watermelons,
Where chickens do not scratch.
I'd like to own a garden
With vegetables galore—
When I buy 'em at the grocery
They're stale; it makes me sore.

I don't go much on poultry—
'Cause feed is awful dear—
Unless I had alfalfa
To feed 'em all the year.
I'd like to raise big cabbage,
Nice lettuce heads, an' kale;
For where there's irrigation
These crops will never fail.

I'd like to be a farmer,
To breathe the purest air,
To be so independent,
Have lots o' things to spare.
I always liked the country,
A lot of elbow room.
Away from city grafters,
And all this city boom;

Where I can live in comfort,
Reclining at my ease,
Where nature is a treasure
An' I do just as I please.
Where I can be contented;
It's pleasure there to fare;
It's there I'll be so happy,
With but very little care.

—Chris Haag.

Woman With Her Baby

Womanhood's supreme expression
Finds in motherhood its terms;
Children are her chief possession,
And the blossom of her charms;
She fulfills her highest mission
With a baby in her arms.

Paint you an immortal picture
Of the beauties that adorn
Woman's loveliness, but richer
Glories never hath she worn
Than the splendors that bewitch her
Bending over her first-born.

There's no sweeter scene that's human,
In the holiest, highest terms,
Than the love that doth illumine
Her with its celestial charms
When a young and pretty woman
Takes a baby in her arms.

—Selected.

The Fuchsia

Beautiful child of a tropic sun,
We have for thee a new home won,
To dwell within our southerly clime
'Mid fragrant flowers all the time.

Thou needst not pine for a land more dear,
For the Frost King never enters here.
We love thy flowers of matchless hues—
To see them, drives away the blues.

Thou needst not pine for perfumed air;
Most tropical plants are numerous here,
And foliage green, bespangled with dew,
Is in beauty arrayed the whole year through.

Here thy modest head may meekly bend
Where fragrant flowers their beauty lend;
Here are beautiful blossoms 'neath cloudless skies
Imitating the plumage of rainbow dyes.

—Chris Haag.

Ebb and Flow

I walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only: "Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach,
Loud rang their battle-cry-like speech,
But changed was the imperial strain;
It murmured: "Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom—
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound that stirred
Within my very breast I heard.

It was my heart, like a sea,
Within my breast beat ceaselessly;
But, like the waves along the shore,
It said: "Dream on!" and "Dream no more!"
—Selected.

Heart of the World

Heart of the World, are thou never
Torn with the tumult and strife,
Tired keeping unison ever
With the mad, restless pulse of life?

Hast thou the grief of a mother
Who mourns for her erring sons
That turn and rend one another?
Aye, aye, how their fresh blood runs!

Thou hast seen Empires forsaken
(Kings and their glory have waned)
The Creator's plans mistaken
By man, and His works profaned!

Old—since the far days primeval
When Chaos walked on the deep—
Freighted with ages of evil,
Still dost thy virgin faith keep?

Seest thou Purpose unfolding
Under the green, budding sod,
Heart of the World, all beholding,
Dost trust in the wisdom of God?
—Selected.

People Liked Him

People liked him, not because
He was rich, nor known to fame.
He had never won applause
As a star in any game.
His was not a brilliant style,
His was not a forceful way,
But he had a genial smile
And a kindly word to say.

Never arrogant or proud,
On he went with manner mild.
Never quarrelsome or loud,
Just as simple as a child.
Honest, patient, brave and true,
Thus he lived from day to day,
Doing what he found to do
In a cheerful sort of way.

Wasn't one to boast of gold
Or belittle it with sneers;
Didn't change from hot to cold,
Kept his friends throughout the years.
Sort of man you like to meet
Any time or any place;
There was always something sweet
And refreshing in his face.

Sort of man you'd like to be,
Balanced well and truly square;
Patient in adversity,
Generous when the skies were fair.
Never lied to friend or foe,
Never rash in word or deed;
Quick to come and slow to go
In a neighbor's time of need.

Never rose to wealth or fame,
Simply lived and simply died,
But the passing of his name
Left a sorrow far and wide,
Not for glory he'd attained,
Nor for what he had of self
Were the friends that he had gained,
But for what he was himself.

—Selected.

California

Where sunlit seas, with waters blue,
Lave the shores so dear to you,
And Nature, all in bright array,
Smiles upon you every day;
Cloudless skies and balmy air
Bid you welcome everywhere;
This your home shall ever be—
California.

Wondrous mountains, towering high,
Reaching up to pierce the sky;
Green the hillsides far below,
For their crown, eternal snow.
Calm, majestic, there they stand,
Making this an elfin land;
Fairer land you'll never see—
California.

Streamlets pure, from scraggy steep,
Dropping downward, leap by leap,
Laugh with joy and dance in glee,
Making merry melodie.
And throughout each happy day
These words they seem to say:
"This the land for you and me—
California."

Every kind of plant that grows
From tropic heat to Arctic snows,
Apple, orange, peach or lime,
Fruits of every land and clime.
Buds and flowers of fairest hue
Gladly, now, all welcome you
To their realm beside the sea—
California.

—Selected.

The Grand Pacific

Pacific strand, O wondrous land,
Land of the western coast;
With thy resources all at hand,
Of thee and thine we boast.

Thy mountain heights are superb sights,
The valleys are sunkist;
While clouds encircle snow-clad heights,
Thy dells are veiled in mist.

O shining billows of thy deep,
Unceasing are their motion.
Thy breakers lull us oft to sleep,
While camping at the ocean.

We love to dwell along thy shore—
Why should we leave thy clime?
Thy manifold attractions
Grant us joy from time to time.

O Elfin land, O marv'lous strand,
Our pleasure, joy, and rest;
In summer by thy zephyrs fanned—
Thy winter's mild and best.

We love thy climate and thy coast,
It is our heart's desire.
The Golden State we proudly boast,
The land we all admire.

'Tis here the waters ebb and flow
Along the western shore,
Where fruits of every kind will grow—
We long for nothing more.

O Golden West, sweet land of rest,
The land of pure delight;
We love thy balmy, sunny clime,
Thy cool, refreshing night.

Here Mother Earth has untold wealth,
Where labors always pay;
It is the Garden of the World,
'Tis here we wish to stay.

—Chris Haag.

Beautiful Things

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes, where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries, to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun;
Beautiful goal, with race well won;
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!
—Selected.

Today's the Day

What's the sense, good friend, in grieving
 ing

For the chances you have lost?
They are gone beyond retrieving;
They are part of folly's cost.
You have lost them to your sorrow,
So just let them slide away,
Looking to some fairer morrow
For the chance you can make pay.

Opportunity will find you
If your eyes are opened wide,
But the jade may pass behind you
If to ancient woes you're tied.
So don't grieve much for the chances
That of yore you threw away,
But just concentrate your glances
On the chance that's due today.
—Selected.

The California Orange Show

When you live in California
You are feeling at your best,
For the rising sun will greet you,
From a night of gracious rest.
You can leave the house bareheaded,
When you're going out to mow.
You should not neglect your duty—
Boost our golden Orange Show.

Sing "Eureka," I have found it,
California, first and last.
Here is shelter from the blizzard,
From the sleet and icy blast.
When the citrus fruits here ripen
Other States are clad with snow;
Here is sunshine, balm and beauty—
Boost our golden Orange Show.

California has mild climate,
Has it's snow-clad mountain tops.
Has its sunny, fertile valleys,
Has its winter garden crops.
In this golden sunset region
There is thrift where'er you go;
See the sights of California—
Boost her golden Orange Show.

Settle down in California—
Here is fruit and golden grain.
Juggle oranges and lemons,
Buy a home and here remain.
Here are people of all nations,
Picking flowers where they grow.
In the wonder of her grandeur—
Boost her golden Orange Show.
—Chris Haag.

Talk

Make up your mind
To be discussed.
The man who is
Not talked about
Is not worth while;
He is a lout.
You never hear
Of people who
Accomplish naught
Their whole lives through.
The men who work,
The men who drive,
Are talked about—
That's why they thrive.
So, let them talk;
To this get wise:
It always pays
To advertise.
Be clean and work,
Push on ahead;
It doesn't matter
What is said
By jealous cats
Who fail themselves
And are pushed back
Upon the shelves.
Each knock's a boost,
And that is true;
They hurt themselves
Who would hurt you.
No matter what
You do or say,
If you succeed
And win the day,
The tongues will wag
On just the same;
It is a part
Of life's great game.

—Selected.

What You Get

This good old world is fine, if you can to Fate
resign,

And never fuss and worry, fear or fret;
Better learn to be content with your dollar, dime
or cent,

It's not always what you want, but what
you get.

You may marry just your mate, but allow me
here to state,

You need patience, pluck and prudence for
your pet;

You may fix some high ideals, but the market
often yields

Not always what you want, but what you
get.

If you make a social hit, make people think
you're It,

In the gay and happy, free and easy set;
Don't bank on what they say, you may make a
slip some day,

Then it isn't what you want, but what you
get.

If amusement is the game, or in business, just
the same,

Do not depend on winning every bet;
There is more or less of strife in this funny game
of life,

And no matter what you want—it's what
you get.

—Selected.

California

Hark! The voices, ringing, ringing,
O'er green hills and sapphire sea.
Lo! Thy children, clear are singin:
"California! Hail to Thee!"

Ah! The sound falls fuller, faster,
Surging on, through palm and pine;
Grows in volume, vaster, vaster,
"California! Land o' minel"

O'er the world thy children sweeping,
Shout thy glories, wide and free,
Till the nations all come leaping,
California, to thy knee.

As thy arms stretch wide in greeting;
As they taste thy sweet, true rest,
All unlike earth's passions fleeting,
California, they confess.

Tell they tales of days romantic;
Of the cities yet to be;
Rings thy fame o'er far Atlantic,
California! Heart o' mel

And the exiles who, full willing,
Dwelt in countries 'cross the sea,
Raise glad voices, turn, hearts thrilling,
California, home to thee.

Home where brown-robed padres, praying,
Vigils keep by day and night;
Home, with rosy children maying,
California flowers bright!

In our hands we lift the chalice;
Toast in orange nectar, theel
Love to all, with nought of malice;
California, thy decree!

So first-born and alien clever
Pledge alike allegiance true;
"Thy broad shores our charge forever.
California! This thy duel!"

—Selected.

Think!

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost;
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can.

—Selected.

It Isn't Your Town; It's You

If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your
town.
It isn't your town—it's you!

Real towns are not made of men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead.
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead;
And if while you make your personal stake
Your neighbor can make one, too,
Your town will be what you want to see.
It isn't your town—it's YOU.

—Selected.

The Land of Nod

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams,
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

—Selected.

Parallel Cases

If yu had a drug store in our town,
Filled with bottles, yellow and brown,
Calomel, ipecac, jalap and squills,
Appetite tonics and bomshell pills,
And a fellow came in, full of wrath, who said,
That his wife broke the mop handle over his
head,
And he asked you to sell him some arsenic, raw,
For he wanted to poison his mother-in-law,
What would you do for that?

If you knew a man who was quarrelsome
And always looking for trouble to come,
And he got in a fight with a neighbor of his,
Without respect to proprieties,
If this man came to you one day
And had the audacity to say
That he wanted to borrow your butcher knife,
To follow his neighbor and take his life,
What would you do about that?

If you were a nation, grand and free,
Proud of your national liberty,
At peace with the world, and afraid of none,
The proudest nation under the sun,
And the other nations who went to war,
(Thought they didnt' know what they were
fighting for),
Should come to you, under neutrality rules,
And offer you money for murderers' tools,
What would you do about that?

—Selected.

Progress

'Twas a pleasant occupation
When we used to give dictation
 To a coy brunette or some sweet, blue-
 eyed blonde.
Not a one of us could measure
Half the joy we got, and pleasure;
 Of our labor we grew daily very fond.

We would bear the worst abuses,
Seek the flattest, frail excuses
 To dictate long-winded missives by the
 yard.
We would dally in our choosing
Of the language, always using
 High-brow phrases just to make them
 long and hard.

But those times are dead and buried.
All our letters brief and hurried.
 Every note is punctuated through with
 groans,
Flo and Mabel are forgotten
And the office work seems rotten
 Since the boss installed for us the dic-
 taphones.

My Sweetheart

Her height? perhaps you'd deem her tall—
To be exact, just five feet seven.
Her arching feet are not too small;
Her gleaming eyes are bits of heaven.
Slim are her hands but not too wee—
I could not fancy useless fingers.
Her hands are all that hands should be,
And own a touch whose memory lingers.

The hue that lights her oval cheeks,
Recalls the pink that tints a cherry;
Upon her chin a dimple speaks
A disposition blithe and merry.
Her laughter ripples like a brook;
Its sounds a heart of stone would soften.
Though sweetness shines in every look,
Her laugh is never loud nor often.

Though golden locks have won renown
With bards, I never heed their raving.
The girl I love hath locks of brown,
Not lightly curled, but gently waving.
Her mouth? Perhaps you'd term it large—
Is firmly moulded, full of curving.
Her quiet lips are Cupid's charge,
But in the cause of truth unswerving.

Though little of her neck is seen,
That little is both small and sightly;
And fair as marble is its sheen
Above her bodice gleaming whitely.
Her nose is just the proper size,
Without a trace of upward turning.
Her shell-like ears are wee and wise,
The tongue of scandal ever spurning.

In mirth and woe her voice is low
Her calm demeanor never fluttered;
Her very accent seems to go
Straight to one's heart as soon as uttered.
She ne'er coquets as others do,
Her tender heart would never let her.
Where does she dwell? I would I knew,
As yet, alas! I've never met her.
—Selected.

The Cycle of Life

Why fear this awesome thing that we call death?
It will usher in another life with the last breath;
A drop of water from the ocean's brim,
Evaporated by the sun's bright rays,
Absorbed by atmosphere we breathe,
Returns again by many devious ways to ocean's
sheath.

In plants, in vegetables, in shrubs and flowers
We see no death; these part from leafy bowers
To seed and bloom again and so complete
The cycle o'er and o'er again; or, burned
To ashes, dust to dust return to quicken soil;
This their other life; or, by man eaten, strength-
en him for toil.

All things in nature live and live again,
Then why should Life that moves and thinks in
Men
Be the one exception to great Nature's rule?
All things both great and small in cycles move;
In many we can see the circle full;
Shall we from Man a certain segment pull?

Not so. Race of Man the cycle must complete
And in harmony with Nature must compete
For life eternal; for, in forms as yet unknown,
He lived long ere this earth of ours was born.
And when this Planet long has passed away
In cycles, Man, Life's call you must obey.

—Selected.

Rainy-time in California

When it rains in California, simply living is
a boon;

And my heart, it keeps a-singing a glad hallelujah tune.

Gray old earth awaits its coming, as the clouds
go scurrying by,

And receives with blissful rapture the soft
kisses of the sky.

Yesterday, the hills were sleeping; clothed in
coats of sober brown.

Now, they've wakened to the patter as the rain
comes gently down.

And the wild oats on the ridges and the valley
in between

Form a rippling, shimmering carpet of a vivid,
velvet green.

Every leaf and bough is dancing on the dripping pepper trees;

Just as though they time were keeping, to the
music of the breeze.

Soft gray mist o'er wide, wide waters! Fruit
and bud and bloom thrive,

Winter time in California. Oh, it's good to
be alive!

—*Selected.*

After Church

They had all been to church that day;
But at the dinner table,
Not one of them could give the text
Except dear Uncle Abel.

Beulah remarked that Mrs. Brown
Had worn a brand new bonnet,
And Sally said there surely was
Some last year's trimming on it.

Father had met a college chum;
"Fine fellow! Name is Arno."
Then mother said she thought the choir
Had got a nice soprano.

And Jim scoffed, "Huh! That girl can't sing!
Such noise is only screeching."
Then Uncle Abel sighed and guessed
They hadn't heard the preaching.

"Oh, I did, uncle!" now piped up
Their eager wide-eyed Benny;
"And when the man passed round the change
I only took a penny."

—Selected.

Goodness, Yes!

The actors of Germany, England and France
Come traveling over the wave;
The dancers of Russia are glad of the chance
To twirl in the land of the brave.
They sigh, it is true, for their own native shore
And call us "uncultured" and "brash";
They sneer at our manners, our ways and our
lore,
But still—they come over;
Oh, yes, they come over
To get our commercialized cash!

We hear of the musical fervor that burns
In countries far over the sea,
But, somehow, the singer or player returns
Each year to the land of the free.
The people back home, so the artists will say,
Are wonderful lovers of art,
But—we are the folks who are willing to pay,
And so—they come over,
The artists come over
And gather the kale and depart.

Perhaps it is true that we're low-brows in taste,
Uncultured and fearfully crude,
Who seek for the coin with undignified haste
And grab it with manners most rude;
Yet dancers and artists, musicians and such
Fare better with us than "to hum,"
So, Russian, Italian and German and Dutch,
They gladly come over,
You bet they come over,
And tickled to death they can come!
—Green Book.

Bear Thy Burden

Bear the burden meant for thee,
May it light or heavy be;
In thy labor take thy pride,
Everything hath one bright side;
There is much work here to do,
Pray the Lord to help you through;
The Lord will always be thy friend—
Bear thy burden to the end.

Bear the burden as a man,
Always do the best you can;
Never give up in despair,
Banish worry and all care;
He will help you every day
If thou wilt but simply pray;
Bear thy burden, there's no loss;
Bear it onward to the Cross.

Bear thy burden, do not weep,
All the stars their vigils keep;
Hope for thee is ever bright,
If thou wilt but do the right;
And should Satan cross thy path
To provoke thee into wrath,
Pray the Lord and do not sleep,
Pray the Lord thy soul to keep.

Chris Haag.

California

O California! Could I thy strand regain,
There would I rest forevermore.
E'en Love himself would plead in vain,
Ne'er would I leave thy charmed shore.

There rugged ranges lift their snowy peaks
Into the blue of upper air—
There swim wide plains in summer heats,
There gentle vales hold hamlets fair.

The rolling hills are gold with mustard-bloom,
With poppies flaming like the light;
And far away sounds ocean's boom
On sandy beaches gleaming white.

O Mother, mine! in ceaseless, silent strain,
My dulled heart yearns for thee!
Memory alone can ease the pain
In dreaming of the Used-to-Be.

For now, alone, I stand on other shores;
Alone, I gaze with longing eyes
Into the past when I was yours—
My life as glad as thy bright skies.

Yet well I know the dearest things of earth
Ne'er yet of Joy have had their birth;
It is of Sorrow, sad and worn,
That all Life's sweetest songs are born!
—Selected

Lovely Woman

By James Montague

Her cheeks have caught the roses' hue.

The azure of her eyes
Is like the soft and tender blue
Of clear Italian skies.

Her hair is like the raven's wing,

Her voice with music thrills;
'Tis heavenly to hear her sing—
But how she can run bills.

Her step is like the fall of dew,

The rustle of her dress
Is like the winds that wander through
Some fairy wilderness.

The humming bird and butterfly

Their heads in homage bend
To beauty as she passes by—
But, gee! How she can spend.

So little and so frail she seems

That one might well believe
She was a creature built of dreams
On some enchanted eve.

A Dresden china shepherdess

Could scarce more fragile be,
Yet I have learned, to my distress,
That she could break John D.

Jefferson's Ten Rules of Life

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

2. Never spend your money before you can have it.

3. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.

4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

5. Remember that pride costs us more than hunger, thirst or cold.

6. One never repents of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is ever troublesome that we do willingly.

8. The most pain comes from those evils that never happened except in our imagination.

9. Take things always by their smooth handles.

10. When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry count a hundred.—
Selected.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

- 1 Charming Angel City
Of the Golden West;
People come a-flocking,
Many here invest.
- 2 Golden land of sunshine,
Best of climate known;
People here seek homesites,
Make them then their own.
- 3 Fascinating city,
Winter evergreen;
Citrus trees then growing,
Flowers in between.
- 4 Many miles of railway,
Crowded cars begin;
Railway lines are busy
Bringing people in.
- 5 Stretching to the hilltops
And the beach as well,
Where the limit endeth
One may never tell.
- 6 From the distant mountains,
Spreading far and wide,
Outward to the ocean,
Up against the tide.
- 7 Gathering golden poppies,
Strolling o'er the turf,
Finding pearly moonstones,
Bathing in the surf.
- 8 Fishing at the beaches,
Wishing there to stay,
Taking rides by auto
Or by trolleyway.
- 9 Sailing on the ocean,
Doing things in style,
Seeing sights exciting,
Merry all the while.
- 10 Dear old Angel City,
Scope of country wide,
At the grand Pacific,
Let me there abide.

The Eastern Tempests

When the eastern tempests gather
And you're pelted by the hail,
Then to seek a place of shelter
Surely is of no avail.
Soon dark clouds are flying swiftly,
Seeing them gives you a pain.
Everywhere the storm is howling,
Meeting you with icy rain.
You can hear the crash of thunder
And the bolts a-striking near,
Rending stately oaks asunder,
Almost deafening your ear.
'Tis a sight I long remember,
Tho' the East is far away,
For I left there in September—
I've a better place to stay.
I came west to the Pacific,—
It was eighteen-eighty-three,—
And am now in California,
Which is good enough for me.
Every country has its drawbacks,
Has its bitter and its sweet,
But to live in California
Is the biggest kind of treat.

—Chris Haag.

Tramps

*On the benches in the park,
Tramps are hiding in the dark.
After days of plunder, prey,
This is where they like to stay.*

*They come drilling down the pike,
Every one is on the strike.
Oft they hang around and creep,
Looking for a place to sleep.*

*They come flocking into town
With a sneer and with a frown.
Coming in from every route
Every one is down and out.*

*Never trying to aspire,
They will hang around the fire,
Or else try to beg or steal—
Anything to get a meal.*

*Oft their feet will touch the brink
Of perdition, yet they drink.
Some are wretched as can be,
Bosom friends of misery.*

Olives

Every day is Olive day here;
We can eat them every day in the year.
Out where farmers are a-mowing
You can see these trees a-growing—
They have greenish leaves and shoots,
Yet we love these tawny fruits.

They are canned and they are pickled;
When you eat them you'll be tickled;
They are best just from the brine,
Rich in oil and very fine.
If you cannot eat them pickled—see?
Try a ripe one from the tree.

After tasting one or more
You'll say they are tempting sure;
Olive oil is healthy—fine—
You should use it when you dine.
When you're looking for some dressing
Use this oil and quit your guessing.
—Chris Haag.

The Grouch

Do you have the blues in the early morn
And wish to goodness you had never been born?
Do you worry and flurry and sputter and stew
And wonder what e'er will become of you?
Don't fret as to what will become of you;
For you're the kind that will live life through,
To take away happiness, joy and peace
And make folks wish your tongue would cease.

Do you go to church in a critical mood
And during the sermon sit and brood
And think the preacher is hitting at you,
And vow that with church and preacher you're
through?

On the very front row you'll rent you a pew,
With the preacher and choir you'll never be
through,

Oh, no, you're not through, you will go again,
You couldn't be happy if you couldn't complain;

When you say to yourself, "I wish I were dead,"
Go over to the wall and bump your head;
For you are the person who will scream and run
At an automobile or a man with a gun;
So get up early tomorro^w morn
And cheer the fallen and the faint,
With love in your heart and no complaint.

Then the world will seem very bright and gay,
The hardest task will seem as play.
The rich and poor will answer your smile,
And all the world will seem worth while.
If you have hard luck and your joy is brief,
Find somebody else who has more grief,
And work with a will and sing a wee song,
Though everything seems to go deaed wrong.

—Selected.

New Year Uncertainties

When earth was first planned—
The beauties of land,
Of sky and of ocean sublime—
'Twas wisely arranged
That all should be changed
By unceasing process of time.

Then will the New Year,
That soon will be here,
Bring into our lives something new?
Will it, by the aid
Of mistakes we have made,
Then cause us new ways to pursue?

Will new scenes abound
And new friends be found?
Will old ones depart from our sight
And to us appear,
Their memories dear,
Like stars in the gloom of the night?

Howe'er this may be
We cannot now see;
We only can labor and wait.
At work or at rest
We can just live our best
And follow the pathway of Fate.
—Selected.

The Slave

They say there are no slaves today,
That man is free to come and go,
To choose the part that we shall play
In what concerns him here below.

That this is false I plainly see;
I cannot say what I shall do.
Unless perchance my plans agree
With those of my dear little Sue.

She wants to romp when I would read,
So on the floor I must get down,
Perforce become her docile steed
And carry her in haste to town.

Sometimes a game of ball she wants,
Again a round of hide and seek
Appeals to her in hidden haunts
And brings the roses to her cheek.

But best of all she likes to hear
The tales of giant, elf and gnome,
Who, when her bedtime hovers near,
Lurk in dark corners of our home.

Yes, a helpless slave am I,
And yet what lavish wages mine;
Love that beams from brightest eye,
Lips that caress and arms that twine.
—Selected.

The Old Farm

O take me back to the dear old farm
As it was in days of yore,
Let me hear again my mother's voice
As she sang by the open door.

Let the evening shades be quietly drawn
As the voice of the whippoor-will
Sends its plaintive notes to our happy hearts
In the little white cot on the hill.

But I can't go back to the dear old farm,
It is changed and strange to me,
And the dear loved ones I have loved long since
I never again shall see.

But whatever my lot in life shall be;
Be it sunshine or rain or storm,
I'll bear it bravely and thankful be
That I lived on the dear old farm.

—Selected.

Appendix

Yuletide

Christmas joys are always here,
Santa Claus is ever dear.
He brings the children clothing, toys;
Lovely gifts for girls and boys.
They are happy as can be
At the merry Christmas Tree.

How the charming presents shine,
Glittering vines the tree entwine.
He brings dolls, and candles sweet,
Balls and bats, good things to eat.
How they smile, rejoice with glee,
At the Christmas Jubilee.

Listen to the church bells ringing,
Hear the raptured children singing,
Praising God this Yuletide day.
Santa Claus has come to stay.
Let us all this tree adorn.
Praise the Lord, the Christ is born.
—Chris Haag.

When War Shall Cease

The day shall dawn at length—
Earth's last, best, brightest day—
When spirits' might and mental strength
Alone shall bear the sway.

The cannon's voice shall die
Along the world's wide plain,
And cleansing waters from the sky
Wash out each battle stain.

The silver trumpet's sound
Through every land shall thrill,
And bear the sweetest tidings 'round,
O'er mountain, vale and hill.

O come, great Prince of Peace,
Thou whom our hearts adore;
Then shall the sound of tumult cease
And war be heard no more.

—Selected.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens on shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs are found.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

—Selected.

Savior, We Delight in Thee

Savior, Thou are always near us,
We delight in Thee;
No one else could ever clear us
Of iniquity.
Neither men nor angels sought us
And redeemed our bitter loss;
Thou alone hast dearly bought us
On the shameful cross.

Thou hast called us to inherit
Heaven's blissful land,
And wilt keep us by Thy Spirit
Safely in Thy hand.
Lord, though we grow weak, and falter
In our faith and love,
Thou art strong, and dost not alter,—
Thou are from above.

—Selected.

Easter

Christ is risen from the earth,
Brought for us a joyous hearth,
From all pain He now is free,
Risen to save you and me—
Risen for the Christians all,
To free them from old Adam's fall.

Joy supreme this Easter day,
Meant for you and meant for me.
Let us praise our Lord on high,
For His blessings from the sky.
Let us glorify His name,
Forget never that He came.

Time is conquered in its length,
Christ is with us, gives us strength.
Praise the Lord all time to come,
Trust Him to waft thee home.
Are ye vile, no matter how,
Seek thy Lord, thy Savior now.

—Chris Haag.

The Last Man

All worldly shapes shall melt in glom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
It's immortality;
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time,
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold
As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eyes had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan—
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some,
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shore where all was dumb.

Yet prophet-like that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by—
Saying we are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go
For thou ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath the man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood and earth
The vassals of His will.
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway
Thou dim discrowned king of day,
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Held not a passion or a pang
Entail'd of human hearts.

Go let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
Sor with thy rising beams recall,
 Life's tragedy again.
lit's piteous pageants bring not back
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack,
Of pain anew to writhe
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorr'd
Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire,
Test of all sunless agonies
 Behold not me expire.
My limbs that speak Thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost.

This spirit shall return to Him,
 Who gave it's heavenly spark,
Yet think not Sun, it shall be dim,
 When thou thyself art dark.
No! It shall live again and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine
By Him recalled to breath
 Who captive lead Captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory
 And took the sting from death.

Go Sun, while mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste.
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On Earthly sepulchral clod;
 The darkening Universe defy
To quench his immortality
 Or shake his trust in God.

—Selected.

Prayer for Light

Lord God of peace and war,
Thy presence we implore!
Descend from heights afar
And lead us as of yore!

The nations stagger, blind
And perishing in night;
O let us once more find
The long delaying light!

Deal gently with our sin,
Deal gently with our grief,
Thou Who has shut us in
This plane of unbelief!

Thou Who has spread a veil
Before our mortal eyes
So that earth's noblest fail
Thy ways to recognize!

Thy pity we invoke
Upon our darkness here!
O lift the battle smoke
And let Thy light appear!

—Selected.

Prayer for Peace

Father All-Powerful,
Whose ways are wonderful,
Ruling the lives of all men;
Thou who art pitiful,
Loving, and merciful,—
Send forth Thy peace once again.

Hark to the groaning
Of dying, and moaning
Of wounded, and parents distressed;
Pity the fatherless,
Comfort the husbandless,
Grant the blood-weary Thy rest.

Still Thou the roaring
Of cannon pouring
Death and destruction on men;
Quiet the rattle
And noise of the battle,
Silence the horrible din!

Show Thy abhorring
Of nations warring,
Breaking the spear and the sword;
Pride and lust shatter,
Delight in war scatter,
That, fearing, men know Thou art Lord!
—Selected.

A Prayer

O dear Lord I came from Thee,
Back to Thee I'm sure to go.
Have Thou mercy upon me,
Unto me Thy presence show.
Keep me always in Thy care,
In Thy holy light and path,
Let me praise Thee everywhere—
Never provoke Thee to wrath.

Be Thou with me, be my guide
On life's perverse, weary way,
Be my savior, joy and pride,
My eternal rest and stay.
There is naught on earth I crave,
Without Thee I am forlorn,
I am but a worldly slave,
Let me unto Thee be borne.

When I end this sad career,
Let me meet Thee face to face,
Be Thou present, give me cheer,
Keep me in Thy fond embrace,
Hear my pleadings Lord I pray,
When my earthly task is o'er,
Wake me on Thy judgment day,
To be with Thee evermore.

—Chris Haag.

Let Me Dream

Go away and let me dream,
Let me see things as they seem,
While my body dreaming lies
Let me gaze into the skies.
Let me to my maker bow,
Abide ever with him now.

When this life on Earth is spent,
Let me die and be content,
Let me dwell in God's abode,
Free from ev'ry earthly load.
Life is but a battle-ground,
Knocks and blows at ev'ry round.

Here is nothing I can gain,
Nothing but what gives me pain,
Please go way and let me dream,
Visit that eternal realm,
There is nothing here to hoard,
In life's earthly checkerboard.

—Chris Haag.

“Whosoever Exalteth Himself”

The film star knocked loudly at heaven's great
gate
And demanded that she be admitted right
straight;
She carried herself with a satisfied air,
A sort of cock-sureness that said: "I don't care."

St. Peter requested her name and address.
She said: "You're impertinent, sir, but I guess
My name will be useful to identify
The mansion you've built me up here in the sky."

Then dear old St. Peter called one of his men
And said: "Show this lady to Pharisees' Glen,
And give her the keys to three hundred and
sev'n,
The house we've just finished for her here in
heaven."

They passed on their way a most beautiful place,
A glorious mansion with beauty and grace
Bedecked, an profusion of flowers so rare
With exquisite perfume pervading the air.

"Good gracious!" the lady cried out with delight,
"Who lives in that beautiful house on the right?"
"A grand and good woman," the guide made
reply,
"She came from your town and her name's
Mrs. Bly."

"Why, she was an extra girl," shrieked the
grand dame;
"To give her a mansion like that were a shame;
The palace that they have constructed for me
Must therefore be simply a marvel to see!"

A change soon came over the face of the scene,
The houses grew smaller and rougher and mean;
They were out in the suburbs, and everything
there
Was gloomy and lonely and cheerless and bare.

They entered a wood and crossed over a fen,
And soon they were standing in Pharisees' Glen;
Three hundred and seven stood there on the
right,
A little box house that was simply a fright.

The boards were unpainted, the garden was bare,
Unglazed were the windows, the furniture spare,
The walks and the fences were hardly begun,
There wasn't enough roof to keep out the sun.

"A trick," cried the star: "you are jesting, I see;
There's no place in heaven that's too fine
for me!"

But the guide said, as on her his look sadly bent:
"'Twas the best we could do with th' material
you sent."

—Selected.

A Prayer

Oh Lord, make peace on earth 'mong men.
Cause them from quarrel to abstain.
Lead us, O Lord, show us the light,
That we may always do what's right.

Protect us, Lord, save Thou our soul,
That we may reach Thy heavenly goal.
Give Thou us peace, a perfect mind,
That we in Thee true pleasure'll find.

Teach all to know Thou art the Lord
That they may hearken to Thy word;
Let them enjoy a happy hearth
While they are living on Thy earth.

Teach men, O Lord, the right from wrong,
That they may dwell in peace with song;
And take from men that mammon lust
That crumbles nations into dust.

Lord, let us live as Thou hast planned,
To obey Thy will, Thy every command,
And let the New Year bring forth fruit,
A fruit in man for lasting good.

Bring Thou to end this wicked war,
Which all God-fearing men abhor.
Help all mankind Thy word obey
That leadeth into perfect day.

Pictures On Memory's Wall

O paint me a picture of the Christmastide,
With our loved ones all gathered around;
With my long-lost sister again at my side
As each voice with love's music resounds.

Then paint just another of memory's screen,
With faces aglow and hearts full of love;
As angels rejoice o'er the homecoming scene
From the beautiful portals above.

O paint them indelibly on each fond heart;
That their memory shall soften the pain,
And brighten our pathways again as we part—
Till God being willing we'll all meet again.

Engrave on the wings of each thought today
Visions the soul shall ever recall;
For scenes only rivaled by the heavenly way
Are pictures to hang on sweet memory's wall.
—Selected.

A Prayer for Rain

Lord, seest Thou not, beside the way,
The drooping flowers,
That week by week and day by day
Cry for Thy showers?

Hear'st Thou not the plaintive song
The wild birds sing,
That in the withered woodlands throng
With dusty wing?

The bare, brown hills, the blanching plains,
They fade and sicken for Thy rains,
In sore travail.

The wild folks of the forest keep
Wail in the night,
And, 'neath the loam, the poppy sleeps,
Shut from the light.

Lord, in Thy wide-flung, bending sky,
Afar there broods,
Where veiled and mist-swept oceans lie,
Thy cloud-pent floods.

Send Thou from thence the singing rain,
The laughing streams,
On this dear land of hill and plain
Thou made'st of dreams—

This land of dreams Thou mad'st so fair,
So fair and sweet,
Set like a jeweled footstool, there
To rest Thy feet.

The earth will blossom at Thy word—
O speak it, then;
We ask it of Thy mercy, Lord,
In Thy dear name, Amen.

—John Steven McGroarty.

My Savior

O dear Lord I came from Thee,
Back to Thee I'm sure to go.
Have Thou mercy upon me,
Unto me Thy presence show.
Keep me always in Thy care,
In Thy holy light and path;
Let me praise Thee everywhere,
Never provoke Thee to wrath.

Be Thou with me, be my guide,
On life's perverse, weary way.
Be my Savior, joy, and pride,
My eternal rest, and stay.
There is naught on earth I crave;
Without Thee I am forlorn.
I am but a worldly slave,
Let me unto Thee be borne.

When I end this sad career,
Let me meet Thee face to face,
Be Thou present, give me cheer,
Keep me in Thy fond embrace.
Hear my pleadings, Lord, I pray.
When my earthly task is over,
Wake me on Thy Judgment Day,
To be with Thee evermore.

—Chris Haag.

The Royal Telephone

Central's every busy, always on the line,
You may hear from Heaven almost any time,
'Tis a Royal Service free for one and all
When you get in trouble give this Royal Line a call.

Telephone to Glory, Oh what a joy divine,
I can feel the current moving on the Line;
Built by God the Father, for His loved and own
We may talk to Jesus through this Royal Telephone.

There will be no charges, telephone is free,
It was built for service just for you and me
There will be no waiting on this Royal Line
Telephone to Glory always answers just in time.

If your line is grounded and connection true
Has been lost with Jesus, tell you what to do
Prayer and Faith and Promise mend the broken
wire
Till your soul is burning with Pentecostal Fire.

Fail to get your answer? Satan's crossed your wire
By some strong delusion or some base desire.
Take away obstruction, God is on the Throne
And you'll get the answer thru this royal telephone.

Carnal combinations cannot get control
Of this Line to Glory anchored in the soul
Storm and trial cannot disconnect the line
Held in constant keeping by the Father's Hand
divine.

—Peter S. Morrison.

Sacks

The L. A. Sack is not a trust.
If it had been, it could have burst.
We deal in sacks the whole year round;
We grade the bags and bale the sound;
We carry bags and burlap, too;
We have the old, we have the new;
We bale the bags within our shops,
And our business never stops.
We put 100 in the bale—
The count is right—we do not fail;
We also have two-fifty each,
The wires tight around them reaech;
They're baled with wire, some with rope;
We know they are the proper dope;
We ship them out in lots to suit—
These bales and bundles cotton, jute,
We segregate the bad from good,
The poor ones here, we sell for wood.
We your inspection now invite:
Come see the bags, the price is right;
We sell in cars and wagonloads,
We ship them over any roads.
CHRIS HAAG, the proprietor's name.
We get the business just the same.
344-346 Aliso St., Los Angeles, Cal.
—Chris Haag.

Harry M. Shintaku.
363 East 1st. St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

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